

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,  
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### PARTING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am sitting, idly sitting, where the twilight shades are flitting,  
And the memory of the past is drawing round me like a spell.  
Breathes the last tones of the nearest, the fondest and the dearest,  
Still within my ear, in a tremulous fare-well!

It is hard to think us parted—trusted—trusting—  
—steel-truthed,  
And that many links may crumble from the lengthening chain of Time,  
Ere my lips may feel thy pressing, or my hair the light caressing,  
That has thrilled my heart with rapture and a love almost sublime.

Ah! our lives have twined together like the vines in sunny weather,  
And we never thought to part until Death should break the chain.  
With which golden love has bound us, weaving like a halo round us  
Every thought and every feeling, grasping joys—ignoring pain.

Yet thou'ret gone! Thy Country calls thee, Fashion's stormy cloud entrails thee,  
And I now no more may look into the blue depths of thine eyes!  
Never hear thy loved voice stealing with its rich, deep freight of feeling,  
On my ear in gentle murmurs, as the evening glory dies.

Life seems soft of every beauty—I have scarce a heart for duty,  
As I sit here thinking, thinking of thee, darling—far away,  
Tears are falling fast and faster! Heaven grant no dire disaster  
May make the gloom eternal that is on my heart to-day!

Yet in all my pain and sorrow, could I call thee back to-morrow,  
Dear, my lips should never breathe the words to hasten thy return!  
Tho' I sit here sadly sobbing, with a heart so wildly throbbing,  
I could never quench the sparks that on thy bosom's altar burn.

No! my soul may wander darkling—still I see the diamond sparkling  
Of the star that yet shall dawn, to bid us hope for peace once more,  
And my heart leaps, e'en in sadness, like an infant in its gladness  
To think how proud I'll greet thee, when the bloody strife is o'er.

I'll not think of death and slaughter—tinged with blood the crystal water  
Of the purling streams that murmur through the forests of our land;  
But of Banners proudly streaming, where the camp fires are gleaming,  
Hear the rolling shout of millions peal from Freedom's fearless hand.

See I thee—bold, brave and daring, on thy manly forehead wearing  
The shadow of a purpose strong as every pulse of life;  
See thee strike the foe before thee, ev'n while rolling clouds sweep o'er thee,  
Mid the clash of sword and sabre, in the hot test of the strife.

I would never have thee falter—better death or felon's halter,  
Thou to see our cause defeated and a Nation bound in shame!

Were I a man, grim death should claim me, ere a coward's thoughts should shame me,  
Or the stigma of inaction rest upon my manhood's fame!

Love, God have thee in His keeping ever, waking or sleeping.  
Every hour I breathe a prayer for our Country's cause and thee,  
And I feel His love will fold thee, till my eyes again behold thee  
In the flush of manly beauty and the pride of VICTORY!



DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.



HALT OF WILCOX'S TROOPS IN CAROLINE STREET, FREDERICKSBURG, PREVIOUS TO GOING INTO BATTLE.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents the halt of one of the divisions in Fredericksburg, previous to the attack on the enemy's lines.

### A DARK STORY.

[The following story is told in the last number of Colburn's London Magazine. What foundation in truth it has we know not.]

My name is Charles Whitfield, and I was born in 1817, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. After receiving an education at Lancaster, which might be called good for that day, I was apprenticed to a druggist at Philadelphia, but soon grew tired of that, and followed my inclination for the sea by entering aboard an East Indiaman. As it is not the purpose of this article to describe my cruising about the ocean, I will simply add that, at the beginning of the present civil war, I had the misfortune to see my own vessel burnt by the Jefferson Davis privateer, and was thus compelled to ship aboard the *Black Hawk*, a large New England clipper, as first mate. Could I but have foreseen what a melancholy occurrence would be connected with this ship, I would certainly have sooner gone before the mast in some other vessel than have enjoyed the comforts of a first officer on board of her.

After taking in a cargo of machinery and tea at Boston, we sailed across the Atlantic by the northern passage, and, after a three weeks' voyage, found ourselves between Denmark Head and the Orkneys, whence we steered direct for the Skager Ruck; after knocking about for some time in the Categat and the Baltic, we ran direct before a western breeze into the Gulf of Finland, and on the forty-second day, after losing Cape Cod out of sight, we anchored under the batteries of Cronstadt. During the whole voyage I had but little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the master, Mr. Morton, who proved himself a first-rate seaman, but a merciless tyrant to the crew, because the second mate was taken ill soon after we sailed, and I was constantly on duty. Only this much I noticed, that the demon lurked behind his scowling gray eyes, and that he cared little for human lives. When other vessels shortened sail in stormy weather, he would spread all the canvas he could, not caring whether a man fell overboard or not when aloft. During a thick fog in Pentland straits, a fishing smack only escaped from being run down by the steamer letting the *Black Hawk* fall off half a point, and Morton flew at the man like a tiger for altering his course, and said that if the smack had been sunk it would have served the crew right for lying in his track. Soon after this occurrence an old sailor, who stated that he had known the master for a long time, imparted to me that he had formerly gone by the name of Howard, and had been mixed up in the well-known mutiny on board the United States brig *Somers*; after that he obtained a commission in the newly formed German navy, and he, the sailor, had lost him entirely out of sight, until, to his surprise, he recognized him on the quarter-deck of the *Black Hawk*. Morton in truth, looked as if he had led an adventurous life; his weather-beaten, deeply-furrowed face gave evidence

of violent passions, and when he had been drinking he made the ship a very hell for the crew. Under such circumstances I naturally kept very quiet with him, and attended to the strict performance of my duty. Hence, I was not sorry when, immediately after our arrival at Cronstadt, he went with the next steamer to St. Petersburg, and left me to unload the cargo and settle with the custom-house officers. During his absence we all breathed freely, and these days were certainly the pleasantest that I spent aboard the *Black Hawk*.

A broker, who had business on board the ship, told me that Morton, who had formerly been engaged at Sebastopol in raising the sunken men-of-war, was applying to the Russian Admiralty for an appointment in the navy, but his services had been declined, for although his merits were fully recognized, it was feared that he might act too independently—an experience which the imperial government had only too often made with Americans.

At length, after fourteen days' absence, Morton again appeared on board, but in a very bad temper, which he explained by the fact that he could obtain no back freight for the United States: he was therefore resolved to sail to Copenhagen in spite of the advanced season, where he expected letters from his owners, and also hoped to obtain a cargo for St. Thomas. We therefore set sail towards the end of October, and slowly beat down to the Sound against contrary winds. During this trip, Morton became more familiar with me, while his behavior to the crew was much milder: he rarely cursed, and, more rarely still, threatened them with the rope's end. As the second mate, who was suffering from an incurable disease of the lungs, and pined for his green Vermont mountain, still kept his bed, Morton was thrown on me for company, and became remarkably communicative. I was amazed at the multitude of events of which he had been witness, and could not sufficiently admire his knowledge of languages. He gave me to understand that for a long time he had not stood on the best of terms with the United States marshals, and had therefore preferred to try his fortune in European waters, for which the wars and revolutions had given him abundant opportunities. It was not till the outbreak of the civil war that he returned to the New England States, and being supported by the influence of a Senator, to whose son he had once rendered a service, he obtained the command of the *Black Hawk*.

After an eleven days' voyage, we at length cast anchor close under the Three Crown Battery at Copenhagen, and Morton, who had told me that he knew the city well from former times, at once went ashore to look up old friends and fetch his letters. He came aboard again the next morning in rather a deponding mood, and told me that it would be difficult to obtain a freight for St. Thomas or the West Indies, as the merchants gave a preference to the neutral flag on account of the war. Besides, his owners had sent him instructions, if possible, not to take any cargo for the United States on account of the Southern privates; if he did not succeed in getting a cargo in the Baltic for some European port, he was to sail to Southampton, where he would find further instructions. He added—and as he spoke a dark shadow fitted across his wrinkled forehead—that he had met some old friends ashore, and that, if I and the crew were the right sort of fellows, we might do a profitable stroke of business.

"Do you not think, Charley?" he continued, confidentially, "that our *Black Hawk* has famous ribs, and that her keel is as strong as that of a frigate? We may possibly be beaten in the ice this winter, and I therefore think it will be as well to order some carpenters from Nyholm to strengthen our hulls."

These and similar remarks of Morton's the more struck me, because I considered the strengthening of our bows perfectly needless expense, while the master usually displayed an almost dangerous parsimony in providing for the ship's wants. Moreover, the *Black Hawk* was as strong as wood and iron could possibly make her, for all the New England clippers are built of the best materials.

Towards evening two gentlemen came on board, who reminded me of our Broadway dandies. They greeted Morton in a very friendly manner, and, after the customary remarks, followed him to the cabin, where he shut himself in with them. At the expiration of two hours they left the ship, and Morton, whom I had never before seen so polite, accompanied them to the side-ladder, then he walked up to me, and said that he had been discussing with his visitors a very important affair, which he might hereafter impart to me, if I promised an inviolable silence.

The next day, as Morton readily granted me leave, I quietly strolled about the streets of Copenhagen, in order to have a look at the curiosities. On this and the following days I frequently fell in with Danish sailors, who like to spin a yarn over a mug of beer and Dutch pipe. As the majority of them spoke English and German, I could get along with them famously. The subject of conversation was generally the impending war with Germany, which country they most cordially hated. Pausus, they said, who had betrayed their own countrymen and allies in the last war, was now dazing to utter warlike threats, and arrogantly pointed to her new rising navy. If the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen were to use such language respect would be felt for them, as they were practical men, who would equip good men-of-war and appointments who had seen service, but the windbags at Danzig understood as much about the sea as a donkey did of playing the harpsichord. I am sorry that I did not take down in my journal all their remarks about the Prussians and their naval system. As I had myself once served aboard a man-of-war, such arrangements as they told me existed in the Prussian navy, appeared to me most

impractical, even ridiculous; in any case, the manœuvres of a parade-ground are not adapted for the quarter deck of a frigate, and such a system can only fail to come from it.

Morton, who now became extraordinarily communicative with me, and frequently took me ashore with him, seemed to have given up all hopes of obtaining a freight, and as the second mate grew worse and worse, he ordered me to take more ballast on board in order to make the ship heavier. The *Black Hawk*, in truth, when not loaded, was too high out of the water, which is dangerous in stormy weather, especially when a ship is clipper-rigged, as ours was. Morton also had the bowsprit strengthened by stays, whose construction he superintended on a plan of his own: the cutwater was also covered with heavy oak planks, and, in short, preparations were made as if we were about to sail directly for the Arctic Ocean. When I asked Morton for what purpose he had these alterations made, he laughed equivalently, and said—

"Charley, you must not be so curious: when the time comes, you will be thankful to me for sharpening our *Hawk's* beak, for it will soon require it." As he gave no answer to my further questions, but did everything to gain my good opinion, I paid no further attention to the matter. We sailors are thorough carelessness, who do not care to better our brains—and is not the captain absolute lord about his ship, and not responsible to any one? Still I noticed with surprise that the two gentlemen to whom I previously referred came continually on board, and that Morton showed the alterations he had effected on the bowsprit to his own and their satisfaction. These gentlemen were neither sailors nor ship-builders, as could be seen by their hands. I instinctively peeped at them, and could almost say with Shakespeare:

By the prickly of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.

One afternoon as I was admiring the equatorial statue of Christian V. in the New Market, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. On turning round, I noticed a Danish sailor whose acquaintance I had formed. He offered me his stick of Cavendish, and said cheerfully:

"Well, messmate, if you would like to see a real Prussian man-of-war, come across with me to Amager Island; the *Amazone* corvette is just coming in. You need not be afraid of getting wet."

As I had nothing else to do I accepted the offer, and we were soon in Christianshavn, whence we reached a point from which the approaching vessel could be observed. In truth, had not the old sailor told me that the *Amazone* was a man-of-war, and had I not seen the ports, I could have scarce believed her to be such. Disproportionately tall masts, set in a hull which more resembled an elongated wash tub than a smart corvette, loose shrouds, and the running rigging so far from taut that it offended a seaman's eye—all this necessarily produced no great notion of her

efficiency. She tacked slowly with a moderate breeze, and the manœuvres were excessively slow, and showed a want of hands. My old friend, however, explained to me that she was a training ship, and had but few old sailors on board, as the duty was performed by half-grown cadets.

After watching the *Amazone* for a while, we returned to Christianshavn, and continued our conversation over a glass of grog. Towards evening I went on board, where I did not find Morton. I gave the boatswain and the sail-master some orders, and then went to my state-room, in order to make up the ship's log book, and record the events of the day in my journal, as I regularly did. Walked hard at my writing I was disturbed by a noise, and heard the steward introduce two strangers into the cabin, where they wished to wait for the master. At first I paid but little attention to this circumstance, till I recognized by their voices that they were Morton's mysterious visitors. As I was close to them, merely separated by a wooden partition, I could understand every word they said. They purposely spoke in German, because they conjectured that not one of the crew understood that language; they had no idea that I was close to them, or, that, as a Pennsylvanian by birth, I could understand every word. When I heard the name of the *Amazone* used in connexion with Morton, I became doubly attentive, and tried to imprint on my memory, if not every word, at least the precise meaning. One of the men had an unpleasant, sharp dialect, and so I will call him the Croaker; the other spoke benevolently and unctuously, like a minister, and so I will call him the Lipser.

"My dearest friend," the Croaker began, "when did you see the baron last?"

"Not since the day before yesterday," the Lipser replied, "at Friedensborg, where he had a long conversation with the Countess — with reference to our matter. He told me that the lady seemed very well satisfied, and if we carried out our enterprise through Morton, and managed to keep the master perfectly quiet, we could not fail to obtain the Dannebrog order. The baron also added that his court could not interfere further, and had done enough in placing the Nyholm docks at our disposal. Herr Hall is too honorable, and if he were to hear anything of the affair he would put Morton in irons."

"Herr Hall is a bourgeois parvenu, and has no noble feelings; he ought to know that the new creation of the navy is a thorn in the eye of our party, and that we only see it in a manœuvre of the democracy, by which to hurl good old feudal Prussia into the vortex of the revolution. Hence it is my opinion that Danish statesmen ought to greet with pleasure any event that prevents our king and prince from creating a navy, even if they decline connivance. For, as the interests of Denmark can never allow Prussia to become a maritime power, and as the feudal party in our country sees a dangerous change in it, both parties are served if we nip it in the bud."

"You are perfectly right in that, but this Lieutenant Herrmann, of the *Amazone*, is said to be coqueting with the liberal party; he has even refused to go to sea because the ship is no longer seaworthy, and he will not accept the responsibility of the lives of the cadets; only detailed instructions from Berlin will induce him to do so."

"What an instinct these men have!"

"In truth, friend, we are engaging on this occasion in the most daring but most honorable diplomacy, for thus to serve the good cause privately, and give the democratic institutions a blow from which they will not easily recover, is an incomparable deed, and receiving an order for such services is far more honorable than for mere court ladies. I am only anxious about one thing, lest the coup may miss, and the king or the prince get wind of it. Although his Majesty is thoroughly wearied about the navy business, still he would be furious, and regard our well-meant services as anything but loyal, and act accordingly."

"Do not be at all alarmed, my excellent friend. Morton is warmly recommended to us from St. Petersburg, and is most certainly the man to keep his word. Moreover, he is entirely in our hands, as he will only receive the other half of the stipulated reward when the deed is done. But silence—I think that he is coming."

At this moment I heard Morton cursing tremendously, as he crossed the deck-watch had placed no lantern at the side-recess; he seemed to have been drinking, and walked noisy into his cabin, where the strangers were awaiting him. I quickly blew out my light, got into my berth, and pretended to be asleep. "At last!" one of the gentlemen said in German. "We were beginning to think that Mr. Morton had altered his mind."

"An honorable man keeps his word," Morton replied. "But, before we say any more, allow me a moment to see whether we are all safe."

Soon after the door of my state-room opened, and Morton looked cautiously in

with a light to see whether I was asleep. I naturally behaved as if the very trumpets of Jericho could not wake me, and snored like an Irishman who had his cargo of whiskey aboard. Morton withdrew quite satisfied.

The conversation in the cabin went on in whispers, but I soon understood that they were talking about money. I heard the reading of bank-notes, and Morton say, sulkily, "Well, here are ten one hundred pound notes, all right, but how does it stand with the draft?"

"Here it is," the croaking gentleman whispered. "When you have faithfully fulfilled the conditions, you can at once draw at sight upon our London bankers for the other thousand."

"The bargain is settled. That will do," Morton replied. "I only desire one thing, that we may find thoroughly stormy weather in the German Ocean, for if it blow hard, and anything happens, suspicion will not be so easily aroused."

"The pilots of Elsinore say," the lisping gentleman remarked, "that it is always stormy at this season in the Cattegat and German Ocean. By-the-by, when do you sail?"

"We can go to sea to-morrow morning or afternoon," Morton answered, "as everything is ready. We shall soon catch up the old sloop, or, at any rate, she will anchor off Kronenborg, when we can have a nearer look at her. At daybreak I will have all clear, and we shall soon be in the Sound with the present favorable current. But come, gentlemen, a parting glass. Hallo, steward!" he shouted. "What, you rascal, are you asleep already? I'll break every bone in your carcass."

Soon after I heard the rattling of glasses and the popping of champagne corks, and Morton proposed bold toasts, which were quietly responded to by the other gentlemen. They drank to a successful result, and then parted. Shortly after the master came into my state-room, shook me out of my apparent sleep, and told me that the anchor must be a peak by daybreak, as the Elsinore pilot would come aboard during the night.

It was the morning of the 3d of November, when the sun dispersed the dense fog and illuminated the roads of Elsinore with its beams. The wind had turned during the night, and a fresh breeze now blew from south-east to south. The numerous vessels which had been waiting for favorable weather to pass from the Sound into the Cattegat took advantage of the opportunity, and set every inch of sail. Morton, who came on deck by daybreak, constantly consulted the barometer, and expressed his opinion that the fine weather would not last long. "The Prussian, there," he added, pointing to the tall masts of the *Amazone*, "must know better, though, for he is making his preparations to put out to sea. If he ventures it with his wash-tub, our clipper need not feel alarmed. So, all hands on deck. Mr. Whitfield, have the anchor run up quick. Why do you delay? Do not set too much sail, though, for we wish to remain in the Prussian's track; you see, he is as slow as a German stage-coach."

For long we were under weigh, the *Black Hawk* obeyed her helm splendidly, and moved at a moderate rate over the rippling sea. Now we were able to see the superiority of the American art of ship-building. While the other vessels did their best, and had set all sail, we had spread scarce a third of our canvas, and yet we caught up, in a very short time, the clumsy colliers, gallots, and other short-built ships. We only left the *Amazone* ahead of us, who sailed better than the others; but for all that, badly enough for a man-of-war. When we reached Kullen's Point we had left most of the ships behind us. Towards evening the Swedish coast disappeared from sight, and when it became dark we could distinctly see the green and red lights of the Prussian ahead of us. Morton gave the man at the wheel and the watch the strictest orders to keep the *Amazone* in sight, and then went down to the cabin. Soon after he sent the steward to summon me. I found him sitting in deep thought at the table with his head resting on his hand.

"Charley," he said, "I send for you to have a little chat, for it is not pleasant to be all alone with one's thoughts." After saying this, he pushed a box of Turkish tobacco over to me, and told me to fill my pipe, as he himself did. Then he ordered the steward to mix a strong bowl of punch, sent him away, and filled the glasses. I silently took a seat opposite, and while waiting for what was coming, I rolled myself in the blue clouds of Latakia.

He emptied his glass at a draught, as if trying to give himself courage, and his usually so stern eyes assumed a milder expression. Then he began as follows—

"Charley, I am well aware that you distrust me, and that much in my conduct appears enigmatical to you; still, when you have heard the history of my past life, the shadows of my character will not surprise you. More than twenty years ago I was a midshipman on board the United States brig *Somers*, and as happy and careless as a young man can be. There the devil tempted me, and I mixed myself up in the mutiny which the son of the secretary of the navy at that time brought about. Severe discipline and bad treatment caused us to take this step. Of course you remember the fact? The *Somers* was the fastest vessel in the whole navy, and was afterwards captured by a sloop off Vera Cruz, during the Mexican war. The mutiny was discovered, the leaders were summarily hanged, and I and several others taken in irons to New York. There I succeeded in escaping from Governor's Island, and getting on board a Bremen ship in the Narrows, which was bound for Rio. From that time I knocked about every sea, for of course I was obliged to avoid the states. I brought many a freight of living ebony from the African coast to Cuba, and lost many thousand dollars at the Havannah at monte. I constantly sank deeper, for, as the French say, 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui conte.' Daring and lucky in the trade as I was, I was no longer inclined to trade

for the lazy Dons, but equipped, at the price of all I had in the world, a Baltimore clipper, and safely reached the Cuban coast with five hundred of the finest negroes my own property. Fate decreed, however, that one of those accursed government steamers, which are always sniffing round Key West, came across me. If we had had a decent breeze I should have got away and landed my cargo all right, but a dead calm suddenly set in, and I was only too glad to escape ashore with my crew in the boats. The man-of-war seized my vessel and the slaves; thus I again became a poor man, and I had hardly enough money left to keep me for a few weeks at the Havannah. I would now have gladly returned to New Orleans, where I fancied that I was less known, when I read in the *New York Herald* the report of the capture of my vessel, in which it was also mentioned that her captain was, in all probability, the runaway mutineer from the *Somers*, who had now escaped his legal punishment for the second time. Alarmed by this article, I gave up for the time all hope of returning to my native land. In the same paper I read a long report about the new formation of a German navy, and that able-bodied seamen were required for it. As I had every reason to consider myself such, and was also resolved to begin an entirely new course of life, in a country where I was unknown, I hastened to Germany, where, by the aid of testimonial which my old friends the Dons gave me, I soon obtained my appointment as officer on board one of the new men-of-war in course of equipment. I certainly had now only as many dollars as I before had doubtless, but I felt cheered by the fact that I had again become a respectable member of society.

I also knew that if the new navy were really intended to fight the Danish men-of-war, which were at that time threatening the German coast, I should have plenty of opportunities to distinguish myself, for you know, Charley, that I had often before looked death in the face without flinching. In this expectation I did my duty quietly, and gained an excellent name as an instructor. Once at Bremen haven I came across an old comrade, but he luckily took no notice of me, as he did not recognize me in my uniform. As we lay at anchor, inactive in the Weser, we had of course plenty of spare time, and employed it in making country excursions. On one of these I formed the acquaintance of a clergyman's daughter. I managed to gain her affections, and, in spite of her father's opposition, she became my wife. Charley, I tell you, at that time I was very happy, and I believe, too, on the best way to become an honest fellow."

At this point Morton was interrupted, for Brown, the boatswain, thrust his shock head into the cabin and hurriedly summoned us on deck. I took a passing glance at the barometer, and noticed that the mercury had fallen tremendously. On reaching deck we found the sky pitch dark, not a star was to be seen, and only the red and green lights of the Prussian gleamed at intervals. In the perfect calm the sails flapped against the masts, and a faint streak of lightning over the rocky coasts of Sweden warned us that a storm was coming up, as so often happens in these latitudes on the approach of the cold season. This time, however, it was an mighty storm, with the thin zig-zag lines of northern lightning, but it resembled in violence those thunderstorms which cause terror in the tropics. We took in all sail, hoisted the double reefed fore-top-sail and fore-top-mast staysail, or just enough canvas for the sky to answer the helm, and waited for what might come. Suddenly the tempest hurried above our heads, and the sky was in several hours one mass of sheet of fire, until the surging waves extinguished its gleaming lights.

Morton was standing by my side on the quarter-deck, and pointing with his telescope to the Prussian *cavette*, which displayed its outline on the fiery sky about half a mile from us. It was a truly demoniacal sight, worthy of the Flying Dutchman. The *Amazone*, like our ship, displayed almost like spars. Still she seemed to roll on the now excited sea like a drunken man, which was evidently the result of her fast build, while our ship heeled over gracefully as her broad side. Towards morning, Morton went below, after giving me strict orders not to lose sight of the vessel ahead of us, for this purpose I went on the forecastle and ordered my night glass to be brought me. My task was the easier because the *Amazone* was obliged to leave the Skagerack six miles to leeward, like ourselves. Mr. Brown joined me, made a few remarks about the sudden storm, and despaired that if he had not known we were in the Cattegat, he should have fancied himself in the Gulf Stream, in the middle of the Florida Channel.

"What is the matter up to?" he continued, "with that confounded Prussian? I am afraid no good. If we had set more sail we should have passed him long ago, the master is not usually so timid about a couple of spars or a little damage—besides, we are well insured."

"Heaven and Morton only know that," I made answer. "You may be right. Still, Mr. Brown, you know the act of Congress by which the crew are compensated, under heavy punishment, to obey the captain's orders unhesitatingly; he alone must bear the responsibility."

The boatswain went off with a mysterious air, and whistling "Yankee Doodle," and I saw him, the carpenter, and several others, putting their heads together. In the mean while dawn had arrived, and the gray clouds were slowly dispersed by the beams of the rising sun. As the horizon grew gradually clearer, we could distinctly see about two miles from us, the Prussian *cavette* drifting ahead of us under bare poles; she had lost a top-gallant-mast during the storm, probably by a lightning stroke. The sea ran hollow, the wind had got round more to the east, and about six miles from us the waves were breaking on the dunes of a desolate sandy coast. While I was surveying this anything but pleasing prospect through my telescope,

Morton came up to me, and pointing to the *Amazone*, said:

"Well, Charley, I thank you for not losing sight of our comrade there. The fellow has been hard hit, and the lightning has smashed a top-gallant-mast for him; that comes from the guns attracting the electric current. Such children ought not to be trusted with guns; if they had put tarpaulin over them they would have escaped."

It now began to blow with bolder, and the territory point of the Skagerack Reef constantly drew nearer to us. That is a perfect cemetery for ships; with the telescope we could distinctly make out the blackened skeletons of the wrecks high up on the sand, and raised by the waves at high tide. Here it was that Nelson, after carrying off the Danish fleet from Copenhagen, lost his badly-masted *plover* in a south-east storm; here, Peter the Great, on his voyage from Amsterdam to Petersburg, was stranded, and only saved his life with difficulty. The other vessel which had left Elsinore with us were afloat of sight, and we were struggling along with the *cavette* to steer clear of this point so dangerous to sailors with an unfavorable wind and a high running sea. At last, towards evening, when the long northern twilights was threatening to turn into night, we found ourselves, after many short tacks, in the mouth of the Skagerack, as the Scandinavians call it. Except the Prussian, no ship was in sight; the only thing we fancied we could see in the distance was the smoke of an eastern-bound steamer. The barometer pointed to stormy. Morton gave the necessary instructions for the right, ordered the men at the wheel not to let the *cavette* out of sight, and invited me into the cabin. After a few oars were in sight, but we could not make out what they were. When the sun rose higher, the wind slackened a little, and we were enabled to set the main-sail, so that the *Black Hawk* heeled over gracefully, and cut through the high waves. This day passed without any further incidents; there were certainly now and then violent gusts, but as the wind had veered round to the north, we, as well as the *Amazone*, could pursue our south-westerly course without much difficulty.

In this way several days passed over; the weather was certainly stormy and the wind very changeable, but still it generally blew from the north. We met many sailing vessels, and also a few steamers, steering for the Baltic, in order to reach their destination before the close of the season, and the setting in of the heavy frost. Morton was most of the time on deck, whence he looked at the Prussian and the other vessels through his glass. So soon as a fresh sail appeared on the horizon, he cursed savagely; it seemed as if he saw in it a witness of his criminal design; still no ship took notice of us, as each had enough to do in the hollow sea. One evening, early in November, he drew my attention to a small white cloud, which scarce rose above the horizon in the far west. The weather might be called relatively warm for these latitudes, and the barometer had fallen considerably. As a rule, this white cloud is only seen in the tropics, and is always the harbinger of a hurricane or a whirlwind. All of us aboard knew the danger, and nothing was neglected to make all snug; we also noticed that the Prussian, who was about three miles to windward of us, showed equally bare poles—a proof that he was awaiting the coming hurricane.

Morton and I were standing on the quarter-deck, when Mr. Brown came up to us, and remarked that he had not expected to see this white cloud in the North Sea, just as little as he had that tremendous storm in the Cattegat. "We shall soon have the tempest upon us," he remarked, as he looked windward to the horizon, which was now black as pitch, and distinctly showed the lines of the white-capped waves. "Shall we take in the trysail, captain?"

"Charley, when I have once laid bare my heart to you, you will see what a just cause have to trace that accursed Prussian. After what happened to me in Germany, I should like to sink every vessel that bears the hateful black and white flag. You know how happy I was with my Mary, and how I had begun a new life! Our whole anxiety on board the newly-established fleet was to produce something respectable, and the foreigners wished to prove themselves grateful children to their adopted country. All at once a dull rumor spread that the German Parliament, on which our existence depended, was broken up by the Princes, and the latter had resolved to destroy the navy as a creation of the revolution. Men whispered to each other that we should soon be discharged, and the debt sold by auction. Our admiral, whom we all esteemed, made several journeys in order to prevent the catastrophe through his representations, but he came back with sad looks, and we read in his eyes that our fate was decided. This broke his heart, and, as I have since heard, he soon died of grief. The mutiny, in which I thoughtlessly took part as a young man on board the *Somers*, was certainly ill-advised, but if we had resisted in the present case, right would have been on our side. Unfortunately, the promises which we so recently made each other led to no result, because we had but inserted our plans to a tale brother, a Scotchman, who had been before suspected, because he had run ashore and had a large steamer bought in England for the fleet. He betrayed the still unripe conspiracy to an influential leader of the reactionary party, through whom the admiral, who knew nothing of these facts, was induced to take such measures as stopped the execution of our plan. Soon after our arrows were paid us and we were discharged. The little money I received was soon spent, and I was obliged to go to England to look for a fresh situation. My poor wife, who was expecting her confinement, was obliged to remain in a little town on the Weser, where I had hired apartments for her in the house of a respectable but poor family. During my absence the police, under orders from Britain, burst into her room, examined her scanty property and my papers, and found nothing. In consequence of the flight, a miscarriage was brought on, and she and her child died. Charley, I tell you, I never felt in my life as I did on receiving the news. I swore to avenge myself, and I believe that vengeance is within my grasp; it is there for me while others will bear the guilt and the cost."

"I really think we shall have a tornado," Morton replied, as he stepped off the weather-gangway, where he had hitherto been standing, and wiped the spray from his face. "I also notice that the glass has fallen remarkably. Take in all the small sails alet, and so soon as the staysail is drawn taught, run down the gaff and bring home the spanker; one watch, I think, will be sufficient for the present, for we will not tire our men too much, as they may require all their strength."

"Ay, ay, sir," Brown answered, as the master walked away. "I could swear that he doesn't trouble himself much about it; at least, he looked so when he left the gangway."

"That is his manner; the more the elements threaten, the more daring his glances become."

After supper the new watch was called on deck, and the master gave me orders, which I punctually obeyed. I had to post in the bowsprit, and nailed tarpaulin over the holes in the bulwarks, so that we were soon able to lay on our course again. As Morton saw that our crew were putting their heads together, and exchanging opinions as to the recent catastrophe, he ordered one-half below again, the others such occupations that they could not well converse together. Then he called me to the back of the quarter-deck, the fore-staysail, and trysail, are all that we can carry.

During the first watch the tempest became much fiercer. Heavy drops of rain were mingled with the spray, distant thunder rolled windward, and from time to time sharp flashes of lightning darted through the gloom. The watch never slept carelessly, confiding in their comrades on deck. But the night was frightful, and Morton, myself, and the officer of the watch, did not leave the deck for a moment, as our presence was absolutely necessary.

"Charley, you are the only man on board who can perhaps judge correctly of my conduct this morning: you alone know the motives of a deed which must appear to all the rest an unfortunate accident. I beg, may I demand, that you will not tire our men too much, as they may require all their strength?"

"If this goes on much longer, we shall be obliged to lower the fore-sail entirely, and trust to the main staysail," I said to the captain.

"I really believe we must," Morton remarked. "But look, day is breaking. Let us wait awhile."

Then he ordered the man at the wheel to let the ship fall off a little. With increasing daylight, and as the storm grew worse rather than better, Morton was on the point of giving the necessary orders to lower the fore-sail, when Soublette, who was standing at the lee-gangway, suddenly shouted, "A sail to leeward!"

"A sail to leeward, sir," I immediately reported to Morton, as I held on by hand to a rope, and touched my hat with the other.

"Fetch me my glass from the cabin directly," he said to one of the sailors. "I trust that it is our old companion."

through a tremendous sea striking her on the larboard quarter, and our presence on deck became necessary. The wind had so heightened during our conversation that we were compelled to exercise the greatest caution in tacking, so as not to lose a sail. This part of the North Sea, which is usually called the Skagerack, is often visited by powerful currents, which render the sea even more turbulent. Towards morning, when the whitish-yellow fog cleared off a little, and we could survey the horizon, we also saw the *Amazone*. Morton had for a long time been seeking her with his telescope, and a smile of satisfaction played over his bronzed face when he saw her heaving and tossing in the trough of the sea. She seemed to be laboring heavily; evidently answered her helm badly, and her tall masts oscillated, owing to the looseness of the shrouds. Farther away a few oars were in sight, but we could not make out what they were. When the sun rose higher, the wind slackened a little, and we were enabled to set the main-sail, so that the *Black Hawk* heeled over gracefully, and cut through the high waves. This day passed without any further incidents; there were certainly now and then violent gusts, but as the wind had veered round to the north, we, as well as the *Amazone*, could pursue our south-westerly course without much difficulty.

"It is no very large vessel, and hardly half as heavy as ours," I said, after climbing up some half-dozen ratlines.

The sailor brought the glass, and the captain, after passing his arm round a thick rope, in order to fall to leeward through the rolling of the ship, and getting the stranger into a focus, which was no easy matter, exclaimed,

"By Jupiter! it is the Prussian, but in a very bad state."

Other glasses were fetched, and Morton's opinion was confirmed by all.

"Let the foremast stand, Mr. Brown; we will run down to the corvette at once."

The *Black Hawk* fell off a little, dashed through the trough of the sea, and rapidly approached the stranger: in less than an hour we were within a mile of the *Amazone*.

It was easy to see, even without the help of a telescope, that the people aboard the Prussian corvette, which had lost both main-mast and mizzen-mast, were making every possible effort to rig a jury-mast, for which, however, their strength seemed to fail them. They did not dare lower their foremast, as the corvette would not stir without any sail upon her, and the last remaining mast would have rolled overboard, but without some sail at the stern it was impossible to keep her head to the wind, and hence she fell off a couple of points, and was at the mercy of the waves, although the man at the wheel certainly did his duty.

In a few minutes we were within three cables' length of the Prussian, and our ship trembled under the enormous pressure of sail. The wind howled, the sea raged, the thunder deafened, and the lightning blinded. The Almighty was present in His majesty, but a furious human passion occupied Morton's heart. He sprang up on the ratlines in order to convince himself that no sail was in sight, and came down again satisfied. With a furious glance at the helpless corvette, he bade the man at the wheel go to the devil, and seized the spokes with his powerful hand. The rain, which had before fallen vertically, now dashed into our faces, so that every object was concealed by the spray. We heard a shout, which, however, was almost deadened by the howling of the storm, and saw that the *Amazone* suddenly ported her helm. Too late a blow, a crash, a cry of terror, which rose above the raging tempest! Our weight had caught her exactly in the centre, smashing in the bulwarks, the netting, and a part of the aft-deck. Then our bow rose again, lifted by a mighty wave, and rode for a second on the bursting wreck. Our weight had broken her spine, and the two halves of the hapless ship sank in a second in the yawning deep. At the spot where she disappeared another mighty wave rose, and, as it broke, forced beneath the surface any living beings who were trying to save themselves.

The blow had buried me and nearly the whole watch on to the deck, and Morton alone held on convulsively to the wheel. The other half the crew, who were asleep below, started up in terror, and the confusion did not cease until the captain, who was still standing at the wheel, gave the necessary orders in a voice of thunder. Morton then surrendered the wheel to an old steady sailor, and hurried to the bows; while the carpenter went into the hold to see if we had any leak. The damage was not so great as we had at first supposed; the bowsprit, which, with its supports, weighed twelve tons, was certainly seriously injured, and snapped in two in the middle, but our bows, owing to the reinforcement they had received at Copenhagen, were not so damaged as might have been concluded from the violence of the blow. The thick oak boards had done their duty, and protected the watertight. The carpenter, too, soon returned on deck, and reported that the ship was quite sound.

As there was no sign of a leak, we soon cleared away with our axes the wreck of the bowsprit, and nailed tarpaulin over the holes in the bulwarks, so that we were soon able to lay on our course again. As Morton saw that our crew were putting their heads together, and exchanging opinions as to the recent catastrophe, he ordered one-half below again, the others such occupations that they could not well converse together. Then he called me to the back of the quarter-deck, made some remarks about the now visibly subsiding storm, and then

goes the rounds about the blessings of poverty. Poverty, real poverty—that with an "empty" purse—does not suit the climate of any country where the thermometer has a trick of falling below the freezing point. In a warm climate, of course, it is not such an unmitigated curse. Where the soil produces abundantly and constantly, and clothes are not needed for warmth, poverty is a very different thing from what it is in the colder latitudes. The constant struggle of everybody in all cold countries to get money, is not such an absurd thing as many (who are always doing the same however) seem to imagine. Poverty, real poverty, in a cold climate, is want, and filth; and ignorance, and degradation, and finally physical and often spiritual death.

## THE TIDE TURNING.

The tide of public sentiment in England is indeed turning. Among the evidences of this are the recent letter of the distinguished Professor Newman to Mr. Gladstone, and the speech of John Bright. Professor Newman says to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had addressed him as a man "of distinguished powers" and "undoubted sincerity":—

Most glad should I be if political questions could be wholly impersonal. But even if I had your near friendship, instead of a slight acquaintance (which through your affability has justified me in occasional communications on a very few matters), still the vast importance of the future relations between England and England's greater progeny would forbid me to indulge in the pleasure of a yielding reply. It is a terrible fact that the conduct of English statesmen for which you have been represented as claiming high moral credit is at this moment goading both North and South into hatred against us. I see no chance of allaying the malignant elements which the upper classes of England have stirred up without much plain speaking, with little care whom we offend. The seeds of an unnatural and dreadful war have been sown. This plague is not yet stayed. Pirate ships are yet about to issue from Liverpool. The government, which was so active about Hale's rockets, and would not allow arms to be sent to noble Hungary, shows no signs of activity when succor in the most odious form, and most damaging to the fair fame of England, is to be sent to that Slave Power, \* \* in comparison with which the late tyranny of Naples was respectable and endurable. You first earned honor with me by your denunciation of that tyranny when no other public man spoke. Much should I have rejoiced to see in you a strong heart of righteousness able to stem the tide of a contemptible national jealousy. \*

I do not claim that English statesmen shall denounce all the guilt of all Governments. But when a power, comparable only to Thugs, buccaneers and cannibals, tries to thrust its hideous head among the nations, and claims the protection and privileges of international law—power which rose against the freest race on earth, for the avowed motive of propagating the worst form of Slavery ever known—having no legitimate complaint, or if it had, certainly trying no constitutional means of redress, but plunging at once into arms, and that when the arsenals had been emptied, and the fortresses seized by the treason of office-holders—I hold it to be an offence against law, order and public morality for a statesman whose words carry weight to speak at all of such a power without declaring abhorrence of it; or at least, to speak in such a tone that he can for a moment be suspected of desiring its success. \* \* \*

On no previous occasion have English statesmen taken on themselves to prejudice the ability of a friendly Government to put down insurrection. I am in high hope that the righteous cause will be blessed by a righteous God, since its upholders are at length in earnest.

the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek "to wade through slaughter to a throne, and about the gates of mercy on mankind." [Cheers.] I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will still cherish it. I see one confederation stretching from the frozen North in one unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild illeses of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, and I see one people and one law, and one language and one faith, and over all that wide expanse the home of freedom and a refuge for the oppressed of every race. [Loud cheers.]

GUSTAVE DORE'S DANTE.  
By the kindness of M. Leyboldt, proprietor of the well-known foreign book-store and library, we have received a remarkable gratification in the examination of his portfolio of illustrations of Dante's Inferno, from the pencil of Gustave Doré. Illustrations they so truly are, so completely has the genius of the delineator fused itself in that of the poet, that these pictures are but the awful visions of the great Tuscan solidified into visible forms. We pass from circle to circle of the infernal descent, terrible rifts in the immovable rocks open to receive us, the mighty precipices sweeping upward in grand lines which suggest no possibilities of heaven, but serve to give more fully the idea of the infinite depths of descent. This characteristic of the infernal landscape is wonderfully given, especially in the print where Dante and his guide pass with toll down the rocky chasm, and in another where the great Titan bears them down to the sixth circle. A number of illustrations are given of the forest of the suicides. Nothing is more impressive than these ghastly living tree-forms, where the agonized humanity forces the woody fibres to its own expression. The figures of Dante and his conductor are the points of relief from the horrors which surge around them. Always admirable in form and expression, the majestic calm of Virgil contrasts with the awful pity with which Dante's human nature reaches out to wretched humanity in its deepest fall.

A series of large photographs of these fine prints are being prepared, and, thanks to this wonderful art of sun-painting, the *Dante* Album will be a possible purchase to any one. To those who can, in such considerations, lose sight of their grim meanings, we know no similar treasure likely to be more valuable; but there are those who, having seen and deeply felt these pictures, could not be tempted by all their artistic worth to dwell on them again.

It is a healthy relief to turn from them, as Doré himself did, to his illustrated Fairy tales, of which we would like to speak farther at another time; or to Kaulbach's "Reinecke Fuchs," where the wonderful humanness of the animal portraits suggests a graver moral than their exquisite drolery at first allows us to see; or Retsch's Shakespeare etchings, very admirable in some respects, though their subjective and sentimental style of treatment has not sufficient vigor and breadth, for the tragedies at least.

M. Leyboldt expects within a fortnight to have ready a series of illustrations of the works of Goethe, companions in size and style, we believe, to the *Dante* engravings, and by the same artist. If fortune favors us we hope to discuss these and others with our readers at some future time.

WHAT THE REBELS SAY ABOUT PEACE.—The following paragraphs are from the *Richmond Examiner* of January 2nd:

Late events have turned public attention in the Northern states to some other conclusion of this contesting war than that which they hoped to gain by vaunts, menaces, and disportionate levies of troops. The word "armistice" has lately been heard on the floor of Congress; and without its walls the practicability of a Convention, to be composed of delegates from all the states of the Union, appointed by the authorities of the states, to adopt some plan of general pacification, is now much discussed.

But the time for Peace Congresses is past. So long as the states were component parts of the same Confederacy, it was both lawful and proper that the representatives of their sovereignties should confer upon and discuss questions and affairs affecting them all. \*

The people of the North who wish to see the end of these hostilities and troubles must, first of all, agree to a recognition of the Confederate Government. Without that, the war must go on forever. Even an armistice supposes such recognition. Northern speculations upon a general convention of states therefore, were monstrous, so long as the South remains unengaged. If the armies of the United States were to succeed in driving the persons composing the Confederate Government entirely beyond their territory, and destroy all hope in the people of the restoration of the Confederate authority, a general convention of the two nations, without regard to the constituted authorities of either, free to form any new relations which they thought fit, might then become a matter for consideration with the individual inhabitants of the land.

The modesty of the latter portion of the above is almost too great for our Northern type. Still, as our readers will perceive, the only hope for peace seems to be in our arms "driving the persons composing the Confederate government entirely beyond the southern territory." If that were once done, it strikes us there would be no very great difficulty in coming to terms with "the individual inhabitants of the land," even without a general convention of the two nations, held "without regard to the constituted authorities of either."

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Incredible as it may seem, he was alive at the last date, though, of course, in imminent danger.

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

## MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

## MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

## EDMUND KIRKE,

Author of "AMONG THE PINES."

AND

## VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, MARKETS, &c.

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In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of \$2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the \$60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (60), and whole amount of money (\$60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis when requested.

## Address

## DEACON &amp; PETERSON,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P.S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or copies of the inferior portions of it, to their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

## WILD HORSES AND WIVES.

There are no absolutely wild horses in the Northwest. All the cavalier Indians have their numerous bands of horses, broken and unbroke, and enough, following the normal movements of the tribe. It is a rough, puny, hardy stock, utterly unkempt and untamed, but capable of taking care of itself, and capable also, according to the law of barbarism, of producing chameleons of size, strength and beauty. *Bucephalus* is the exception; *Rosinante* is the rule. *Bucephalus* is worth a first-class squaw, or possibly two of those vexatious luxuries of a cheaper grade.

Rosinante goes about five to the squaw. Papa gets the price; not as in civilization, where, when a squaw sells herself for a *Bucephalus*, a brougham, and a black coachman, she keeps and uses the equivalent. And now that I am on the tariff for squaws, dry goods to buy them at such a power without declaring abhorrence of it; or at least, to speak in such a tone that he can for a moment be suspected of desiring its success. \*

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## THE NAME SHE SPOKE.

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,  
Stopped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;  
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,  
Its soft, meandering Spanish name.

What a name! was love or praise?

Speech half asleep, or song half awake?

I must learn Spanish one of these days,

Only for that slow, sweet name's sake.

—Robert Browning.

At a banquet recently given at Trondhjem, in Norway, a dish of fresh beef was served which was found last summer in tin cans, buried at Spitzbergen. According to indisputable indications, these cans were placed there by the Parry expedition, in 1858. The meat was perfectly fresh, and had not contracted any bad odor.

The following smart reply was made by the first ambassador of the Japanese Embassy at Paris to M. Thouvenel, the late French Minister of Foreign Affairs, upon the latter's expressing the surprise with which he saw them eating raw fish. "How can you eat raw fish?" "The same way you eat rawysters," was the quiet reply. It silenced Mons. Thouvenel.

FAULT FINDING.—It was my custom

in my youth (says a celebrated Persian writer) to lie from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious shambles, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," said he, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

"A BAROQUE.—A hectoring transgression, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

FAULT FINANCIAL.—It was not Capt. Cut-He, we think, who said, "When you find a step-a-pea, make a note of it;" but whoever did say it, knew pretty well how to manage in war times.

A REWARD FOR BUTLER'S HEAD.—We see that a South Carolinian has offered \$10,000 for Butler's head. We are not surprised. If he can get the amount of brains that Butler's skull contains for that sum, he may think it has a good bargain. But it is rather late for Mr. Yeadon to begin to supply the demands of nature.

"CLIFFS OF FIRE."—*Cliffs of Fire* has placed a monitorial slab in the wall of the house where Mrs. Barrett Browning died for so long.

The slab bears an inscription in Latin, which follows:—

"Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who, in her woman's breast, united the wisdom of a sage, and the spirit of a poet, and who made of her verse a golden link between Italy and England."

CAPTAIN COOPER.—Gen. Cooper has decided that corporations cannot pay dividends on stock free of tax. Ninety seven per cent, of the stock dividend must go to the stockholders, and three per cent, to the government. By making a dividend free of tax, companies would evade taxation on 3 per cent, of income.

ONE OF THE ESSENTIAL INGREDIENTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF PRINTER'S INK IS TURPENTINE, AND ONE OF THE CAUSES OF MUCH OF THE BAD PRINTING OF NEWSPAPERS WITHIN THE LAST YEAR HAS RESULTED FROM THE DIFFICULTY IN GETTING TURPENTINE.

AT LAST ADVISERS.—Mr. Adams has just joined the fleet of naval advisers that joined the fleet of Gen. Banks at Fort Sumter.

There is nothing definite from Gen. Banks or Com. Farragut, though rumors of their advance are in circulation.

The engagement was less general than hitherto reported. The principal fighting was done by the centre, under Generals Smith and Blair. The combat at the centre, which was the most severe, was fought at the mouth of the river.

THE GUNBOATS CLIFTON AND OWASCO were engaged and escaped, the former losing no men, and but one wounded. The Owasco lost one killed and thirteen wounded.

## THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.\*

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

In that black forest, where, when day is done,  
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon  
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,  
The long, despairing moan of solitude  
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Bursts the traveller, with a sound so drear,  
So full of hopeless agony and fear,  
His heart stands still and listens like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead bell toll,  
Starts, drops his car against the gunwale's thole,  
Crosses himself and whispers, "A lost soul!"

"No, señor, not a bird. I know it well—  
It is the pained soul of some infidel  
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell."

"Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,  
He wanders, shrinking on the midnight air  
For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother  
bathes  
No prayer for him who, sinking unto death,  
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,  
Lending new horror to that infernal cry,  
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp; shadows deepen  
round,  
From giant trees with snake-like creepers wound  
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense  
Of nature plastic to benign intents,  
And an eternal good in Providence—

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;  
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,  
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,  
"Thou lovest all. Thy erring child may be  
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!"

"All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear  
None from that Presence which is everywhere,  
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there."

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,  
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and  
shame and ill,  
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still."

"And Thou canst make, Eternal Source and  
Goal!

In Thy long years life's broken circle whole,  
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul!"

—*Independent.*

## WINNING A HUSBAND.

Fifty or sixty years ago, Ireland might be called the classic land of the duello, where men fought their way to eminence even in peaceful professions, and could only hope to retain it by the same毫不让步 spirit. It is not so generally known, however, that this same recklessness was occasionally engendered in the bosoms of the fairer sex, partly, as it may be supposed, from the fact of hearing their male relatives speak of duelling as a matter of course, which no man either wished or hoped to avoid, and partly from the rollicking sort of life and imperfect education which at that period even females of the upper classes led and received. Faulty and to be deprecated, however, as this feeling might be, in one instance it had a fortunate termination, and procured for the Irish peerage one of its afterwards most brilliant and respected matrons.

The matter happened thus:

Near one of the principal western towns and seaports resided the respectable family of the B——s; and at the time we speak of, their house was blessed with one fair daughter, and no more. Miss Christine B—— was a belle; a beauty, and the spoilt darling of a quiet, easy-tempered father and mother, who allowed her in everything to have her own way. She was a very lovely, high-spirited girl, rendered inordinately vain by admiration and parental indulgence; and so proud of her own peerless attractions, as to fancy that no station or rank was too high for her to hope to reach. With such malignant means of conquest, of course she was surrounded by admirers wherever she went; and although now and then she condescended to give a certain amount of encouragement to some of them, still, when they pressed for a final answer, it always was given in a way fatal to their hopes. Hence it was that after a season or two she had earned for herself the name of a heartless coquette, whose sole aim was to amuse herself at the expense of others. Her popularity did not diminish, however, as her respectability was undoubted and her social talents great; and, on the whole, she was regarded as one who possessed many good and amiable traits to counterbalance her more obvious and distasteful ones.

About this time there arrived on a sporting visit to one of her friends a young gentleman who was both an "honorable" and a "M. P." He was the only son of a noble man of great wealth and ancient title, and was perfectly alive to the value which these claims gave him to the consideration of others and to his own self-esteem. He was very young, not more than three-and-twenty, and looked to be even younger than he was; for he was slim, not tall, and with delicate features, and particularly light hair. He was handsome enough to be admired by those who were influenced by his rank and expectations, and in his own esteem he was understood to have no superior. Soon after his arrival in her neighborhood he was introduced to the fair Christine, and from that moment became her shadow. At first she avoided him, and treated him coldly, speak-

ing of him slightly, and ridiculing his pretensions to be considered as either a very agreeable or a very fortunate man; for in his lower moments he had spoken freely to his companions of his wonderful success as a lover, and of the many conquests he had made. Miss B—— had heard from the sister of one of his male friends, that he had even gone so far as to set her down as one of the list of the vanquished, and had laid a wager that before he left the country he would bring the universal conqueror to his feet—not with the idea of marrying, but of laughing at her. Strange to say, however, the information thus given her as a warning had an effect on her contrary to that which it was expected it would; she kept mind to herself, but from that time forward it was evident that she was gradually yielding to the fascinations of the Honorable George, and was unwillingly creeping within the treacherous folds with which he meant to envelop her. She rode out with him alone, talked to him in preference to others, dismissed partners in the ball room to become his, sang when he asked her, and, in point of fact, appeared to be fast approaching to that stage of devotion to which it was his aim to bring her. When this had gone on for some weeks, he began to feel that he had sufficiently proved his power, and showed a wish to "draw off." His fair friend, however, either did not understand these resistless symptoms or did not wish to countenance them. Nevertheless, she took no umbrage at his new coldness, and still continued to seek his society and to claim his attention unusual. At length, as if wearied by her persevering affection—which no effort, nay, not even his own discreditable amusement you have ventured to trifle with my feelings, care less whether my reputation should suffer or my peace of mind be gone. I have no brother to protect me from such unkindly attempts, nor would I ask him even if I had, as I am quite able to protect myself. You owe me reparation for this inexcusable wrong, and I beg leave to tell you, calmly and dispassionately, that the debt must be paid, and that until it is so you shall not leave this neighborhood unpunished. What form it shall take, sir, I leave to your own heart and judgment to determine, but I solemnly warn you that no mode of escape open to you shall be available until my friends are well assured that I have no further reason to complain. Should I not have a full and satisfactory explanation to-night, I shall deal with you in another manner before you commence your journey to-morrow, and should you prefer a dastardly retreat in the dark to a more honorable course of proceeding, be assured, sir, that I shall find means to teach you, go where you will."

She turned her horse, broke into a gallop, and left her lover in a maze. The course she took might have been a doubtful one with many, but she had accurately gauged her man, and knew the treatment necessary for his constitution. He went home, pondered deeply, and long before midnight Miss B—— was favored with a repeated letter, in which was contained an offer of his hand.

It may seem curious, but the offer was accepted. Perhaps Miss B—— believed that under the mask of soft vanity, Mr. H—— really was at heart a very fine fellow; or, it may be, that she loved him, without sense or reason, as is not at all uncommon in the affairs of the heart. As the poet says:—

"Why did she love him? curious fool, he still,  
Is human love the growth of human will?"

Or it may be—though we hesitate to believe it of so high-spirited a girl, that the position, and not the man, was the chief attraction.

## PEWS.

In Anglo-Saxon and some northern churches of early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall, running around the whole interior except the east end.

The first shot was concealed to her, and she just missed the bull's-eye, but touched its outer ward circle.

"I will do better the next time," she said, quietly handing her pistol to be reloaded; "as I see where my error lies. I ought to have done better, however; only, as papa says, my pistol hand is a little rusty."

The Honorable George followed, but with a less steady step. He was wide of the mark, and was laughed at for his failure by all but Miss B——.

"Nay, gentfolk," she said, gaily, "do not blame him, for evidently his practice has been in drawing rooms, not in shooting galleries. Look, Mr. H——," she went on, addressing him; "you depressed your weapon a thought too low, and a point blank aim, like a point-blank intention, is the surest way to escape disgrace. Watch me, and if you are wise take example by what I shall do."

This time she pierced the very heart of the mark, and that done, she flung aside the weapon.

"Now I shall go and have my tea," she said, entwining the waist of one of her young friends caressingly; "and having conquered Mr. H—— on two occasions on one evening, I have reason to be amply satisfied."

It was observed that during the remainder of the evening the Honorable George was much more respectful to her than he had been for a week before.

A day or two passed over, during which the Honorable George and Miss B—— did not meet. It was understood, however, that he was about to leave the neighborhood on the next morning, and on the evening previous he was returning from paying a farewell visit to a family on the outskirts of the town, when, at a turn of the lonely road, he was met by Miss B—— on horseback. He was about to pass her with a bow, when she turned her horse's head and rode beside him.

"You are about to leave me to-morrow, I understand, Mr. H——," she said at last, after waiting a minute or two for his address.

"I regret to say that I am compelled to do so," he replied.

"You will go away richer than you came, I hope?"

"Richer in friends, certainly," with a bow.

"And—in bets, too, or I am greatly misinformed," she said, gravely.

"I do not understand you, Miss B——."

"I thought you would not, sir," she said, more seriously than before. "I do not wonder that you should study to forget what no honorable or upright man would like to remember. Answer me, if you please, and pray endeavor to go as straight to the mark as I did the other evening. You sought my acquaintance, and you persisted in your advances when they were distasteful to me; dare you say why?"

"I—I admire you—as a friend."

"You followed me, sir," she went on, "and insisted on showering those attentions on me which, from a man to a woman, may be taken in either of two ways—that is, either as the violet of insults or the greatest of compliments. Which of these was your meaning, Mr. H——?"

"Not as insults, certainly."

"I am glad to hear it, sir, for your own sake," she goes on. "Why, then, did you make a bet of a hundred pounds that you would conquer and bring me to your feet? Pray, do not delay the fact, or you will force me to tell the gentleman with whom you made it that you have branded him as a liar by saying what was not the fact."

The Honorable George was struck dumb.

"I am glad to see, sir, that you have penance enough left to be silent," she said. "And now listen to me, Mr. H——: for your own discreditable amusement you have ventured to trifle with my feelings, care less whether my reputation should suffer or my peace of mind be gone. I have no brother to protect me from such unkindly attempts, nor would I ask him even if I had, as I am quite able to protect myself. You owe me reparation for this inexcusable wrong, and I beg leave to tell you, calmly and dispassionately, that the debt must be paid, and that until it is so you shall not leave this neighborhood unpunished. What form it shall take, sir, I leave to your own heart and judgment to determine, but I solemnly warn you that no mode of escape open to you shall be available until my friends are well assured that I have no further reason to complain. Should I not have a full and satisfactory explanation to-night, I shall deal with you in another manner before you commence your journey to-morrow, and should you prefer a dastardly retreat in the dark to a more honorable course of proceeding, be assured, sir, that I shall find means to teach you, go where you will."

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"I fear, Mr. H——," she said to him "that you are only a carpet knight, and that any conquest you will ever make will be in other fields than those of Mars. Come, take your pistol, and do not be afraid of so weak a foe as I am. I will wager this pretty brooch of mine against your brilliant, so that, whether I win or lose, you will still dwell in my memory forever."

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## JEFFERSON'S WEDDING.

"Bellinda" (Jefferson's first love) had been married four years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling; and luxuriant hair, of a rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to this, the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced, and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. Add still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least, notable talents for housekeeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youth ful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the country of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married in her seventeenth year Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who, dying in 1765, left his young wife a widow at

the age of twenty.

When milk is boiled, the same little globes of steam are formed, but their surface is coated with an exceedingly thin film of the casein, which is one of the constituents of milk, and which has sufficient tenacity to prevent the bubbles from breaking when they reach the surface, or from being separated from the liquid. They consequently accumulate as they successively rise to the surface, forming the white foam which so frequently flows over the edge of the vessel into the fire.—*Scientific American.*

of the water against all its sides. When it reaches the surface it is lighter than air, and consequently floats away in the atmosphere, and being invisible, it is lost to our sight. The rapid formation of these little globes of steam, and their rising through the water, produce that peculiar disturbance of the liquid which we call ebullition or boiling.

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## WEDDING WORDS.

A jewel for my lady's ear,  
A jewel for her finger fine,  
A diamond for her bosom dear,  
Her bosom that is mine.

Dear glances for my lady's eyes,  
Dear looks around her form to twine,  
Dear kisses for the lips I prize,  
Her dear lips, that are mine.

Dear breathings to her, soft and low,  
Of how my lot she's made divine;  
Dear silences, my love that show  
For her whose love is mine.

Dear cares lest clouds should shade her way,  
That gladness only on her shine,  
That she be happy as the May,  
Whose lot is one with mine.

Dear wishes hovering round her life,  
And tending thoughts, and dreams divine,  
To feed with perfect joy the wife  
Whose happiness is mine.

## BOOTS AND SHOES--WARM FEET.

Those who have half a dozen active children, more or less, to keep shot, have probably found out ere this, that leather has gone up in price almost (but not quite) as rapidly as printing paper. If any one can tell us how to get cheap shoes, or any kind of shoes that will not cost about a dollar a month for each youngster, he will confer a special favor, and we will hasten to publish the fact for the benefit of the rest of mankind. Much can be done to lessen the expense of shoe-leather, even at the present prices, by judicious selection and proper care of boots and shoes. A great mistake is made in buying thin shoes, with thin soles, for girls, while boys are provided with thick-soled high boots. A pair of strong boots will last a girl longer than several pairs of thin ones, and will allow her to enjoy the air and exercise which are necessary to health. The head has too much blood, producing headache or sense of fullness; or the chest has too much blood, producing cough, rapid breathing, pain in the side, or palpitation of the heart; or the stomach has too much blood, producing indigestion; or the liver has too much blood, producing constipation or diarrhea. Any or all of these difficulties are temporarily relieved by immersion of the feet or hands in hot water, and they are permanently relieved by such dress and exercise of the extremities as will make the derivation permanent.

Again I say, the extremities require as much clothing as the body. Women should dress their arms and legs with one or two thicknesses of knit woollen garments which fit them. The absurdity of loose flowing sleeves and wide-spread skirts, I will not discuss.

Do you ask why the arms and legs may not become accustomed to exposure like the face? I answer, God has provided the face with an immense circulation, because it must be exposed.

A distinguished physician of Paris declared, just before his death, "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been born to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of

## THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read A volume of the Law, in which it said, "No man shall look upon my face and live." And as he read, he prayed that God would give his faithful servant grace with mortal eye To look upon his face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the sage, And lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age, He saw the Angel of Death before him stand, Holding a naked sword in his right hand. Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man, Yet through his veins a child of terror ran. With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"

The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree, Whate'er thou hast shall be granted thee." Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look." Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book, And rising, and uplifting his grey head,

"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said, "Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way." The Angel smiled and hastened to obey, Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,

And sat him on the wall, whence gazing down, Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes, Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord The Rabbi leaped with the Death Angel's sword, And through the streets there swept a sudden breath.

Of something there unknown, which men call death.

Meanwhile the Angel stared without and cried, "Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,

"Not in the name of God, whom I adore, I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "Oh, Holy One, See what the son of Levi here has done! The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence, And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"

The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth; Did I ever the son of Levi break his oath?

Let him remain: for he with mortal eye Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,

"Give back the sword, and let me go my way," Whereat the Rabbi paused and answered, "Nay! Anguish already has it caused

Among the sons of men!" And while he paused, He heard the awful mandate of the Lord Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer! Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear, No human eye shall look on it again; But when thou takest away the souls of men, Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword, Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."

The Angel took the sword again, and swore, And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIRE," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC. \*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

## CHAPTER LVI.

WAS IT A SPECTRE?

If the fair forms crowding to the *fête* at Deenham Hall had but known how near that fate was to being shorn of its master's presence, they had gone less hopefully. Scarcely one of the dowagers and chap-roses hidden to it but cast a longing eye to the heir, for their daughter's sake; scarcely a daughter but experienced a fluttering of the heart, as the bold fancy presented itself that she might be singled out for the chosen partner of Sir Edmund Hautley for the night at any rate;

and—perhaps—for the long night of the future. But when the clock struck six that evening, Sir Edmund Hautley had not arrived.

Miss Hautley was in a fever,—as nearly in one as is in the nature of a cold single-baby of fifty-eight to go, when some overwhelming disappointment falls abruptly. According to arranged plans, Sir Edmund was to have been at home by middle day, crossing by the night boat from the Continent. Middle day came and went; afternoon came and went; evening came—and he had not come. Miss Hautley would have set the telegraph to work, had she known where to set it to.

But good luck was in store for her. A train, arriving between six and seven, brought him; and his carriage—the carriage of his late father, which had been waiting at the station since eleven o'clock in the morning—conveyed him home.

Very considerably astonished was Sir Edmund to find the programme which had been carved out for the night's amusement. He did not like it; it jarred upon his sense of propriety; and he spoke a hint of this to Miss Hautley. It was the death of his father which had called him home: a father with whom he had lived for the last few years of his life upon terms of estrangement—at any rate, on one point: it was so secret that his inauguration should be one of mystery? Yes, Miss Hautley decisively answered. Their friends were not meeting to bewail Sir Rufus's death; that took place months ago; but to welcome him, Sir Edmund's return, and his entrance on his inheritance.

Sir Edmund—a sunny-tempered, yielding man, the very opposite in spirit to his dead father, to his live aunt—conceded the point:

doing it with all the better grace, perhaps, that there was now no help for it. In an hour or two's time the guests would be arriving; Miss Hautley inquired curiously as to the point upon which he and Sir Rufus had been at issue: she had never been able to learn it from Sir Rufus. Neither did it now appear that she was likely to learn it from Sir Edmund. It was a private matter, he said, a smile crossing his lips as he spoke: one entirely between himself and his father, and he could not speak of it. It had driven him abroad, she believed, Miss Hautley remarked, vexed that she was still to remain in the dark. Yes, acquiesced Sir Edmund: it had driven him abroad and kept him there.

He was ready, and stood in his place to receive his guests; a tall man, of some five-and-thirty years, with a handsome face and pleasant smile upon it. He greeted his old friends cordially, those with whom he had been intimate, and was laughing and talking with the Countess of Elmsley when the announcement "Lady and Miss Verner" caught his ear.

It caused him to turn abruptly. Breaking off in the midst of a sentence, he quitted the Countess and went to meet those who had entered. Lady Verner's greeting was a somewhat elaborate one, and he looked round impatiently for Decima.

She stood in the shade behind her mother, Decima. Was that Decima? What had she done to her cheeks? They wore the crimson hectic which were all too characteristic of Sibylla's. Sir Edmund took her hand.

"I trust you are well?"

"Quite well, thank you," was her murmured answer, drawing away the hand which had hardly touched hers.

Nothing could be more quiet than the meeting, nothing more simple than the words spoken: nothing, *à la veste*, said, more commonplace. But that Decima was suffering from some intense agitation, there could be no doubt: and the next moment her face had turned of that same ghastly hue which had startled her brother Lionel when he was handing her into the carriage. Sir Edmund continued speaking with them a few minutes, and then was called off to receive other guests.

"Have you forgotten how to dance, Edmund?"

The question came from Miss Hautley, disturbing him as he made the centre of a group to whom he was speaking of his Indian life.

"I don't suppose I have," he said, turning to her. "Why?"

"People are thinking so," said Miss Hautley. "The music has been bursting out into fresh attempts this last half hour, and impatience is getting irrepressible. They cannot begin, Edmund, without you. Your partner is waiting."

"My partner?" reiterated Sir Edmund. "I have asked nobody yet."

"But I have for you. At least, I have as good as done it. Lady Constance—"

"Oh, my dear aunt, you are very kind," he hastily interrupted; "but when I do dance—which is of rare occurrence—I like to choose my own partner. I must do so now."

"Well, take care, then," was the answer of Miss Hautley, not deeming it necessary to drop her voice in the least. "The room is anxious to see upon whom it will be fixed: it may be a type, they are saying, of what another choice of yours may be."

Sir Edmund laughed good humoredly, making a joke of the allusion. "Then I must walk round deliberately and look for myself—as it is said some of our royal reigning potentates have done. Thank you for the hint."

But, instead of walking round deliberately, Sir Edmund Hautley walked direct to one point of the room, halting before Lady Verner and Decima. He bent to the former, speaking a few words in a joking tone.

"I am bade to fix upon a partner, Lady Verner. May it be your daughter?"

Lady Verner looked at Decima. "She so seldom dances. I do not think you will persuade her."

"I think I can," he softly said, holding out his arms. And Decima rose and put hers into it without a word.

"How capricious she is!" remarked Lady Verner to the Countess of Elmsley, who was sitting next her. "It had pressed her she would probably have said no. As she has done so many times."

He took his place at the head of the room, Decima by his side in her white silk robes. Decima with her wondrous beauty, and the hectic on her cheeks again. Many an envious pair of eyes were cast to her. "That dreadful old maid, Decima Verner!" were amongst the complements launched at her. "She to usurp him! How had my Lady Verner contrived to manoeuvre for it?"

But Sir Edmund did not appear dissatisfied with his partner, if the room was. He paid a vast deal more attention to her than he did to the dancer; the latter he put out more than once, his head and eyes being bent whispering to Decima. Before the dance was over the hectic on her cheeks had grown deeper.

"Are you afraid of the night air?" he asked, leading her through the conservatory to the door at its other end.

"No. It never hurts me."

He proceeded along the gravel path round to the other side of the house: there he opened the glass doors of a room and entered it. It led into another, bright with fire.

"It is my own sitting room," he observed. "Nobly will intrude upon us here."

Taking up the poker, he stirred the fire into a blaze. Then he put it down and turned to her, as she stood on the hearth rug.

"Dances?"

It was only a simple name; but Sir Edmund's whole frame was quivering with emotion as he spoke it. He clasped her to him with a strangely fond gesture, and bent his face on hers.

"I left my farewell on your lips when I quitted you, Decima. I must take my welcome from them now."

She burst into tears as she clung to him.

"Sir Rufus sent for me when he was dying," she whispered. "Edmund, he said he was sorry to have opposed you; he said he would not if the time could come over again."

"I know it," he answered. "I have his full consent; nay, his blessing. They are a few words, but they were the last he ever wrote. You shall see them, Decima; he calls you my future wife, Lady Hautley. Oh, my darling! what a long, a cruel separation it has been!"

It was far more long, more cruel for Decima than for him. She was feeling it bitterly now, as the tears poured down her face. Sir Edmund placed her in a chair. He hung over her scarcely less agitated than she was, soothing her with all the fondness of his true heart, with the sweet words she had once known so well. He turned to the door when she grew calmer.

"I am going to bring Lady Verner. It is time she knew it."

Not through the garden this time, but through the open passages of the house, lined with servants, went Sir Edmund. Lady Verner was in the seat where they left her. He made his way to her, and held his arm out that she might take it.

"Will you allow me to monopolize you for a few minutes?" he said. "I have a tale to tell in which you may feel interested."

"About India?" she asked, as she rose. "I suppose you used to meet some of my old friends there?"

"Not about India," he answered, leading her from the room. "India can wait. About some one nearer and dearer to us than any now in India. Lady Verner, when I asked you just now to permit me to fix upon your daughter as a partner, I could have added for time. This is nothing but waste of time."

"You hear?" appealed Lady Verner to them, as if Jan's avowal were a passing proof of her assertion—that he and society were antagonistic to each other. "I wonder you took the thought to attire yourself decently," she added, her face retaining its strong vexation. "Had anybody asked me, I should have given it as my opinion that you had not things fit to appear in."

"Oh, Jan!" cried Lady Mary, laughing still.

"So I would," repeated Jan. "At somebody's bedside, in my easy coat, I feel at home. And I feel that I am doing good: that's more. This is nothing but waste of time."

"You hear?" appealed Lady Verner to them, as if Jan's avowal were a passing proof of her assertion—that he and society were antagonistic to each other. "I wonder you took the thought to attire yourself decently," she added, her face retaining its strong vexation. "Had anybody asked me, I should have given it as my opinion that you had not things fit to appear in."

"Oh, Jan!" cried Lady Mary, laughing still.

"Anybody might know that," was Jan's answer to Lady Mary. "It's the suit I keep for funerals. A doctor is always getting asked to attend them; and if he does not go, he offends the people."

"You might have kept the information to yourself," rebuked Lady Verner.

"It doesn't matter, does it?" asked Jan. "Aren't they good enough to come in?"

He turned his head round, to get a glance at the said suit behind. Sir Edmund laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder. Young as Jan had been before Edmund Hautley went out, they had lived close friends.

"The clothes are all right, Jan. And if you had come without a coat at all, you would have been equally welcome to me."

"I should not have gone to this sort of thing anywhere else, you know; it is not in my line, as my mother says. I came to see you."

"And I would rather see you, Jan, than anybody else in the room—with one exception," was the reply of Sir Edmund. "I am sorry not to see Lionel."

"He couldn't come," answered Jan. "His wife turned crusty, and said she'd come if he did—something of that—and so he stayed at home. She is very ill, and she wants to ignore it, and go out all the same. It is not fit she should."

"Pray do you mean to dance, Jan?" inquired Lady Verner, the question being put ironically.

"Not I," returned Jan. "Who'd dance with me?"

"I'll dance with you, Jan," said Lady Mary.

Jan shook his head.

"I might get my feet entangled in the pincers."

"Not you, Jan," said Sir Edmund, laughing. "I should risk that, if a lady asked me."

"She'd not care to dance with me," returned Jan, looking at Mary Elmsley. "She only says it out of good nature."

"No, Jan, I don't think I do," avowed Lady Mary. "I should like to dance with you."

"I'd stand up with you, if I stood up with anybody," replied Jan. "But where's the good of it? I don't know the figures, and should only put you out, as well as everybody else."

So, what with his ignorance of the figures, and his dread of awkwardness amidst the trains, Jan was allowed to rest in peace.

Mary Elmsley told him that, if he would come over sometimes to their house in an evening, she and her young sisters would practise the figures with him, so that he might learn them. It was Jan's turn to laugh now. The notion of his practising dancing, or having evenings to waste on it, amused him considerably.

"Go to your house to learn dancing!" echoed he. "Folks would be for putting me into a lunatic asylum. If I do find an hour to myself any odd evening, I have to get to my dissolution. I went shares the other day in a beautiful subject—"

"I don't think you need tell me of that, Jan," interrupted Lady Mary, keeping her countenance.

"I wonder you talk to him, Mary," observed Lady Verner. "You hear how he repays you. He means it for good breeding, perhaps."

"I don't mean it for rudeness, at any rate."

"It has been a long while to wait," mused

Lady Verner, as they entered the presence of Decima, who started up to receive them.

When they returned to the rooms, Sir Edmund with Decima, Lady Verner by her daughter's side, the first object that met their view was Jan—Jan at a ball! Lady Verner lifted her eyebrows; she had never believed that Jan would really show himself where he must be so entirely out of place. But there Jan was; in decent dress, too; black clothes, and a white necklace and gloves. Jan's great bands laid hold of both Sir Edmund's.

"I'm uncommon glad you are back!" cried he—which was his polite phrase for expressing satisfaction.

"So am I, Jan," heartily answered Sir Edmund. "I have never had a real friend, Jan, since I left you."

"We can be friends still," said plain Jan.

"Ay," said Sir Edmund, meaningfully, "and brothers."

But the last word was spoken in Jan's ear alone, for they were in a crowd now.

"To see you here, very much surprises me, Jan," remarked Lady Verner, asperity in her tone.

"I hope you will contrive to behave properly."

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mind was made up to it; and her telling Lionel in the morning that she'd give up going, provided he would promise to take her for a day's pleasure to Heartburg, was only a ruse to throw the house off his guard.

Jan passed down. Lucy sat on. As Jan was crossing the court-yard,—for he actually went out at the front door for once in his life, as he had done the day he had carried the blanket and the black tea kettle—he encountered John Massingbird. Mr. John wore his usual free-and-easy costume, and had his short pipe in his mouth.

"I say," began he, "what's this tale about Mrs. Lionel?" Folks are saying that she went off to Hautley's last night, and danced herself to death."

"That's near enough," replied Jan. "She would go; and she did; and she danced; and she finished it up by breaking a blood-vessel. And now she is dying."

"What was Lionel about, to let her go?" Lionel knew nothing of it. She slipped off while he was out. Nobody was in the house but Lucy Tempest and one or two of the servants. She dressed herself on the quiet, sent for a fly, and went."

"And danced?"

"And danced," assented Jan. "Her back and shoulders looked like a bag of bones. You might nearly have heard them rattle."

"I always said there were moments when Sibylla's mind was not right," composedly observed John Massingbird. "Is there any hope?"

"None. There has not been hope, in point of fact, for a long while," continued Jan. "As any body might have seen, except Sibylla. She has been obstinately blind to it. Although her father warned her, when he was here, that she could not live."

John Massingbird smoked for some moments in silence.

"She was always sickly," he presently said, "sickly in constitution; sickly in temper."

Jan nodded. But what he might farther have said was stopped by the entrance of Lionel. He came in at the gate, looking jaded and tired. His mind was ill at ease, and he had not been to bed.

"I have been searching for you, Jan. Dr. West ought to be telegraphed to. Can you tell where he is?"

"No, I can't," replied Jan. "He was at Biarritz when he last wrote; but they were about to leave it. I expect to hear from him daily. If we did know where he is, Lionel, telegraphing would be of no use. He could not get here."

"I should like him telegraphed to, if possible," was Lionel's answer.

"I'll telegraph to Biarritz, if you like," said Jan. "He is sure to have left it, though."

"Do so," returned Lionel. "Will you come in?" he added, to John Massingbird.

"No, thank you," replied John Massingbird. "They'd not like my pipe. Tell Sibylla I hope she'll get over it. I'd come again by and by, and hear how she is."

Lionel went indorse, and passed up-stairs with a heavy footstep. Lucy started up from her place, but not before he had seen her in it.

"Why do you sit there, Lucy?"

"I don't know," she answered, blushing that he should have caught her there, though that had not extra for Jan's doing so. "It is lonely down stairs today. Here I can ask everybody who comes out of the room how she is. I wish I could care her! I wish I could do anything for her!"

He laid his hand lightly on her head as he passed.

"Thank you for all, my dear child!" and there was a strange tone of pain in his low voice as he spoke it.

Only Dennis was in the room then, and she quitted it as Lionel entered. Treading softly across the carpet, he took his seat in a chair opposite Sibylla's couch. She slept for a great wonder—or appeared to sleep. The whole morning lay away, the whole night long, her bright, restless eyes had been wide open, sleep as far from her as it could well be. It had seemed that her fraticles temper kept the sleep away! But her eyes were closed now, and two dark purple rims encircled them, terribly dark on the wan white face. Suddenly the eyes unclosed with a start, as if her doze had been abruptly disturbed, though Lionel had been perfectly still. She looked at him for a minute or two in silence, and he, knowing it would be well that she should doze again, neither spoke nor moved.

"Lionel, am I dying?"

Quietly as the words were spoken, they struck on his ear with startling intensity. He rose then and pushed her hair from her damp brow with a fond hand, murmuring some general inquiry as to how she felt.

"Am I dying?" came again from the panting lips.

What was he to answer her? To say that she was dying, might send her into a paroxysm of terror; to deceive her in that awful hour by telling her that she was not, went against every feeling of his heart.

"But I don't want to die," she urged, in some excitement, interpreting his silence to mean the worst. "Can't Jan do anything for me? Can't Dr. Hayes?"

"Dr. Hayes will be here soon," observed Lionel soothingly, if somewhat evasively. "He will come by the next train."

He took his hand, held it between hers, and looked beseechingly up to his face. "I don't want to leave you," she whispered. "Oh, Lionel! keep me here if you can! You know you are always kind to me. Sometimes I have reproached you that you were not, but it was not true. You have been ever kind, have you not?"

"I have ever striven to be so," he answered, the tears glistening on his eyelashes.

"I don't want to die. I want to get well and go again, like I used to do when at Verner's Pride. Now Sir Edmund Hautley is come home, that will be a good place to visit at. Lionel, I don't want to die! Can't you keep me in life?"

"If by sacrificing my own life I could save

yours, Heaven knows how willingly I would do it," he tenderly answered.

"Why should I die? Why should I die, more than others? I don't think I am dying, Lionel," she added, after a pause. "I shall get well yet."

She stretched out her hand for some cooling drink that was near, and Lionel gave her a teaspoonful. He was giving her another, but she jerked her head away and spilled it. "It's not nice," she said. So he put it down.

"I want to see Deborah," she resumed.

"My dear, they are at Heartburg. I told you so this morning. They will be home no doubt by the next train. Jan has sent to them."

"What should they do at Heartburg?" she fractionally asked.

"They went over yesterday to remain until to-day, I hear."

Subsiding into silence, she lay quite still, save for her panting breath, holding Lionel's hand as he bent over her. Some noise in the corridor outside attracted her attention, and she signed to him to open the door.

"Perhaps it is Dr. Hayes," she murmured. "He is better than Jan."

Better than Jan, insomuch as that he was rather given to assure his patients they would be strong enough to enjoy the al fresco delights of a gipsy party, even though he knew that they had not an hour's prolonged life left in them. Not so Jan. Never did a more cheering doctor enter a sick room than Jan, so long as there was the faintest shade of hope. But when the closing scene was actually come, the spirit all but upon the wing, then Jan whispered of hope no more. He could not do it in his pure sincerity. Jan could be silent; but Jan could not tell a man, whose soul was hovering on the entrance of the next world, that he might yet recreate himself, dancing hornpipes in this. Dr. Hayes would; it was in his creed to do so; and in that respect Dr. Hayes was different from Jan.

It was not Dr. Hayes. As Lionel opened the door, Lucy was passing it, and Therese was at the end of the corridor talking to Lady Verner. Lucy stopped to make her kind inquiries, her tone a low one, of how the invalid was then.

The flickering lamp of life had burnt out at last. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**17** In the Glasgow Journal, a *jeu d'esprit* recently appeared, written in imitation of the style of Carlyle, and introduced with an editorial note, which stated that "its peculiar style rendered it unnecessary to say from what distinguished literary person it proceeded." One Robert Duncan, having sent the article to Mr. Carlyle, with a note directing his attention to it, has received an answer, in which Mr. Carlyle says: "Time and human patience are too valuable to allow of any word from me, beyond the strictly necessary, on that except you have been so good as to send me from the Glasgow Morning Journal for November 26, in the belief that it is not mine. Rest well assured that it is not; that I have no share in it more than the dead or the unborn; and that if the impudent blockhead who did write it could be laid hold of and put into the treadmill, or horsewhipped—in moderation—I should think it might be useful to himself and others."

**18** None of us like the crying of another person's baby.

**19** Don't put your watch under your pillow; a man should never "sleep upon his watch."

**20** There is often but a slight separation between a woman's love and her hate; her keen teeth are very near to her sweet lips.

**21** A traveller being at a coffee house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveller; "but somewhere on the continent—Russia, I think. I should rather think Italy," retorted the other.

**22** When the thermometer falls, how often, on an average, does it break?

**23** If a clock could speak to a parrot, what would it say? Poll I ticks.

**24** The late World's Exhibition, in London, was visited by 6,100,000 people, who, besides eating an immense quantity of cakes, buns, cheese, biscuits, and other food, drank 2,300,000 pints of ale and porter, 123,000 bottles of ginger beer, 101,000 of lemonade, 31,000 of soda water, and 10,500 of Seltzer water. Pretty extensive guzzling, that!

**25** A beau dimmed by a belle, and an arrow disfigured by a bow, are apt to be off in a hurry.

**26** Be sure and cover the bits of your bridles with leather, to prevent the frost from making the mouths of your horses sore; it is downright cruelty to put an iron bit into a horse's mouth on a cold morning. If you doubt it, hit yourself some day, when the mercury stands below zero.

**27** When you cut India rubber, keep the blade of your knife wet, and you can then cut it with out difficulty.

**28** There is a tailor in Jersey rejoicing in the somewhat encouraging-to-customers name of Edward Rumfitt.

**29** He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if a spark fly in his face.

**30** If I could but save her life for you!" she murmured to Lionel, glancing up at him through her eyes as she rose from the embrace, and she saw that Lionel's eyes were wet as hers.

**31** And now there was a commotion outside. Sounds, as of talking and walking and crying, were heard. Little need to tell Lionel that they came from the Miss Wests: he recognized the voices; and Lucy glided for ward to open the door.

**32** Fair ladies! They were wont to say ever after that their absence had happened on purpose. Mortified at being ignored in Miss Hautley's invitations, they had made a little plan to get out of Deerham. An old friend near Huntville recently called at a house, where they found a woman and thirteen children, the three eldest being girls, and all "chawing" a "power" of tobacco. One of the party remarking that she was the first woman he ever saw chew tobacco, the old woman exclaimed, "Wall, now whar was you brought up? Never seen a woman chaw bacon! Don't you have any ladies whar you was raised?"

**33** Lionel hastened out to them, a hush—sh! upon his tongue. He caught hold of them as they were hastening in.

**34** Yes; but not like this. Be still for her sake.

**35** Deborah looked at his pale face, reading it right.

**36** "Is she so ill as that?" she gasped. "Is there no hope?"

**37** He only shook his head.

**38** Whatever you do, preserve a calm demeanor before her. We must keep her in tranquillity.

**39** Methinks, our shame for our own sins should be a covering to the sins of others.

**40** Master Cheese says she went to the ball—and danced," said Deborah. "Mr. Verner, why did you allow it?"

"She did go," he answered. "It was no fault of mine."

Heavier footsteps up the stairs now. They were those of the physician, who had come by the train which had brought the Miss Wests. He, Dr. Hayes, entered the room, and they stole in after him; Lionel followed; Jan came bustling in, and made another; and Lucy remained outside.

Lady Verner saw Dr. Hayes when he was going away.

"There was no change," he said, in answer to her inquiries; "Mrs. Verner was certainly in a very weak, sick state—and there was no change."

The Miss Wests removed their travelling garments, and took up their stations in the sick room—not to leave it again until the life should have departed from Sibylla. Lionel remained in it. Dennis and Catherine went in and out, and Jan made frequent visits to the house.

"Tell papa it is the leaving Verner's Pride that has killed me," said Sibylla to Amily with nearly her latest breath.

There was no bed for any of them that night, any more than there had been the previous one. A life was hovering in the balance.

Lucy sat with Lady Verner, and the rest went in to them occasionally, taking news.

Dawn was breaking when one went for the last time.

It was Jan. He had come to break the tidings to his mother, and he sat himself down on the arm of the sofa—Jan fashion—while he did it.

The flickering lamp of life had burnt out at last.

## ON FITTING UP A HOME: CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR.

### Anecdote of Napoleon the First.

The employment in which Napoleon's confidential secretaries were engaged was of all kinds of slavery the most irksome. Day and night it was necessary to be on the spot. Sleep, meals, health, fatigue—nothing was regarded; a minute's absence would have been an unpardonable offence. Friends, pleasures, public amusements, promenades, rest—all must be given up. The Baron Maineval and the Baron Faia knew this by hard experience, but at the same time they enjoyed his boundless confidence. The most implicit reliance was placed on their discretion, and a truly royal liberality. They both merited the Emperor's confidence. One day, at two o'clock, the Emperor went out to hunt.

He will probably be absent, as usual, about four hours; so Maineval calculated. It was his father's birthday, and he thought he might surely leave the palace for a short time; therefore he would venture. He had bought a little villa, and anxiously desired to present the title-deeds to his father on that festive day. The Baron set out, and found on his arrival that the whole family were collected, who all received their unexpected visitor with enthusiasm. The present was given—the parent's heart was full of joy—happiness universally prevailed, and the generous son was entitled to tarry, that he might be their guest at dinner, which was then announced. The Baron refused, saying—

"The Emperor may return and ask for me."

"Oh," was the exclamation, "you are never away—the Emperor will not be angry."

The entreaties were redoubled, and the worthy secretary yielded to the general wish. Time flies swiftly to men surrounded by those whom they revere.

In the meantime the Emperor returns—even sooner than usual. He enters his cabinet.

"Maineval—let him be called."

They seek him in vain. Napoleon grows impatient.

"Well, where is Maineval?"

They fear to tell the Emperor that he is absent; but at last it is impossible to conceal it. At length the secretary returns.

"The Emperor has inquired for you. He is angry."

"All is lost," said Maineval to himself. He made up his mind, however, and presented himself. His reception was terrible.

"Where do you come from? Go about your business," exclaimed the enraged Emperor. "I do not want men that neglect their duty."

For sleigh robes the black bear is highly valued. The white fox is very elegant, and so is the black fox, which is a Canadian fur, and highly valued in Europe. Racoon skins and muskrat are commonly used, and answer very well, but are not as comfortable as those which have longer and heavier fur. The old buffalo robe, which formerly stood so high, has lost its place, and is almost entirely discontinued; but it certainly had merits of its own which its more showy successors have not attained.

**AMERICAN HOPKINS**—One of the American characteristics which most surprised the good-natured Mr. Trollope, in his recent journey through this country, is the imperturbable cordiality and cheerfulness of the people. He meets so many people who are ruined by the calamities of the war, and are ruined by the calamities of the war.

"What ails you? Are you ill?"

"No sir," replied Maineval, rising up to answer.

"Sit down; you are ill. I don't like people telling me falsehoods. I insist on knowing."

"Sir—the fear of having forfeited the kindness of your Majesty deprived me of sleep."

"Where were you, then, yesterday?"

Maineval told him the cause of his absence, "I thought this little property would gratify my father."

"And pray, where did you get the money to buy this house?"

"I saved it, sir, out of the salary which your Majesty condescends to assign me."

Napoleon,

## THE IMPORTANCE OF ONE MILE.

By constructing a canal about three-fourths of a mile in length, from Big Stone Lake to Lake Traverse, steamboats from St. Paul could navigate both the Minnesota river and the Red river of the North to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of seven hundred miles! The country traversed by these rivers is surpassingly fertile, and capable of sustaining a dense population. Lake Winnipeg is larger than Lake Ontario, and receives the Saskatchewan river from the west. The Saskatchewan river is navigable to a point (Edmonton House) near the Rocky Mountains, seven hundred miles West of Lake Winnipeg, and only one hundred and fifty miles east of the celebrated gold diggings on Fraser river, in British Columbia.

The digging of that one mile of canal would, therefore, enable a steamboat at New Orleans to pass into Lake Winnipeg, and thence to Edmonton House, some 5,000 miles! A bill has been introduced into the Senate, which makes provision for the building of the canal.

Probably in the world there cannot be found a spot where the digging of so short a canal would effect a result so prodigious. And, what is almost equally remarkable, the ground between the two lakes is so low and level that it is said the water flows in times of freshets from one to the other.—*Washington Chronicle*.

TRADE IN DORCHESTER.—SUDDEN DEATH OF A WIFE AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF HER HUSBAND.—On Sunday evening, the 4th inst., the wife of Mr. Benjamin Hamlin, residing on Harrison square, Dorchester, Mass., was taken suddenly ill shortly after leaving the table, and died in about two hours, after being affected with violent spasms. She did not lose her senses, and in reply to inquiries by her friends, she said she had taken "Female Pills" and that her husband had procured them in Boston at her request. Dr. Wheeler was sent for, and reached the house at half-past six o'clock, and remained there till she died. Mr. Hamlin confirmed what his wife had said about the pills, and told where he procured them. The remainder of the pills are in the hands of physicians and will be analyzed. It was thought by the physicians that it was safe to have an inquest. At first Mr. Hamlin was reluctant about a post-mortem examination, but desired to have the pills analyzed. Finally, he gave his consent to a post-mortem examination. He appeared very nervous and much excited, apparently by grief.

A jury met at his house, and while they were being sworn he went into a room in the second story and shot himself with pistol, discharging it twice. Persons rushed into the room and found him lying upon the bed, and one of Colts' revolvers lying under him.

At the first discharge the ball had struck his forehead, and glanced passed up to the ceiling, and then falling back to the bed, where it was found, flattened. The second shot had entered the left nipple and pushed through the lung and heart to the back, lodged beneath the shoulder-blade. Blood flowed very profusely from this wound. He said he had shot himself because he wished to die with his wife. Hamlin has not been considered a desperate man, and it has been supposed that he and his wife lived upon good terms with each other.

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC FARMER.—BUSHELS OF GOLD AND SILVER STORED AWAY AND BROUGHT TO LIGHT AFTER HIS DEATH.—Mr. Abram Hersey, an aged farmer, died at his residence in West Hempfield township, Lancaster county, last week, and was buried on Friday. After his death a large amount of specie, gold and silver, was discovered in the house, and deposited in the bank. The gold was in metal boxes, bags, &c., and when counted amounted to \$25,884.11. The silver was also in bags of various sizes, and the weight is estimated at over \$14,000. Mr. Hersey was an unmarried man, but lived in his farm house, occupying a room upstairs as a sleeping chamber, a deposit for his wealth. In this chamber he kept in his "iron" chest, containing part, but not all of his wealth, for safety, the specie, his wife's bonds and mortgages, and owned the farm of 150 acres on which he lived, tilled, and died. Since the above was in print, we learn that on Monday another "deposit" was found in the house. This "deposit" was an old blanket, and on the contents being investigated, it was found to contain \$1,400. Nine hundred and fifty dollars of this was in gold, and the balance in bonds, &c.—*Lancaster Examiner and Herald*.

PAPER STOCK FROM WOOD.—An old paper manufacturer writes with great confidence and enthusiasm of a new process for reducing wood to paper pulp, which has been devised by Professor Chalbourne, of Wilesbury and Bowdon in college. It depends upon a combination of chemical and mechanical principles, by which the woody fibers are cut in size and separated from each other. The process is promising, but practical experiments and patent examinations are greatly needed, and quite certain in results. It may give no cleanness of machinery, and no additional expense, except for the pulp machine, which will cost from \$100 to one hundred dollars. If no uniform or difficulty arises in working it on a large scale, it will reduce the cost of paper pulp to less than one-half its present value, or to some \$40 or \$50 a ton. The invention is now in the hands of one of the largest and most energetic paper manufacturers in the country, a patent has been applied for, and in due time the full value of the process will be tested on a large scale.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE REPORTED ATTEMPT TO TAKE KENTUCKY OUT OF THE UNION.—During a recent discussion in the House of Representatives, Hon. Thaddeus Stevens read the article from the Chicago Times, purporting to have been telegraphed from Kentucky, that if the Emancipation proclamation was carried out, G. R. Robinson would advise the Legislature to take the state out of the Union. He asked if the members from Kentucky could inform him as to the truth of it.

The statement was pronounced unequivocally false.

Mr. Wadsworth, of Kentucky, said the author was either drunk or a fool! That no power on earth could take his state out.

DISMISSAL OF THE FRENCH CONSUL AT NEW ORLEANS.—The Washington Republicans state that Count Meja, who was accused by G. M. Butler of having acted as banker to Jeff Davis in keeping the money which went to pay for clothing for the confederate army, and which money was paid over to the railroad contractor for the investigation of the Hon. Robert Johnson, has been dismissed from his post as Consul at New Orleans, and M. Padoa has been recognized by our government. This was done by M. Mercier, the French Minister, after examination of the record of Meja's acts, and without any other action on the part of our government except the presentation of the case.

BANTAM MEN.—TOM THUMB and COMPANY with portraits and descriptions in PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Why are they so little?

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Deposits of H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y. HENRY TAYLOR, Smith Building, Baltimore. A. WILLIAMS & CO., 109 Washington St., Boston. HENRY MINOT, No. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg. JOHN P. HUNT, Mason Hall, Pittsburg. GEORGE C. LEE, No. 29 West Sixth St., Cincinnati. A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky. JAMES R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois. JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri. Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and sales of flour have been large. The week's transactions reach about 30,000 bushels in lots, mostly taken for shipment at \$5,500-\$5,625 for fine, \$5,750-\$6,125 for common and good superfine, \$6,700-\$7,125 for north-west family, \$6,500-\$7 for extra, \$6,875-\$7,50 for common and choice family, and \$8,000-\$8,25 for Ohio families, including 300 bushels Eureka at \$8,00 bushels Broad street mills extra at \$6,75, 300 bushels Spring Garden mills, 300 bushels Delaware, and 400 bushels Jersey Lind family terms kept private. Rice, \$6,500-\$7,50 for choice, \$6,500-\$7,50 for north-west family, and \$6,500-\$7,50 for common. Corn is quoted at \$3,50, corn meal at \$3,50-\$4,00. Of Buckwheat Meal the sales have been limited at \$5,00 the 100 bushels.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair demand for wheat at fully former rates, and prime lots at the close are held 2 higher, with sales of some 45,000 bushels at \$14,00-\$15,00 the latter for choice Kentuckian. Rice is at \$4,00-\$4,25, and Southern at \$9,00-\$10,00. Corn comes in slowly, but the demand for it has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and lower, with sales of about 28,000 bushels at 70¢-75¢ for new yellow, closing at 75¢ for dry lots in the ears, and 70¢-80¢ for old. Oats are more active, and about 30,000 bushels found buyers at \$4,00-\$42 for Pennsylvania measure, and 62¢-72¢ lbs, including 18,000 bushels Prince Edward's Island on terms kept private. Barley is firm, and quoted at \$4,00-\$42 for Barley Malt, sales are reported at 150,000 bushels.

PROVISIONS.—Holders of the hog product generally are rather firmer in their views, but there is very little doing, some 2,000 bushels Pork have been disposed of mostly at \$14,00-\$15,00 per bushel for western and city packed mess; Dressed Hogs are selling at \$5,500s the 100 lbs. Beef is steady at \$12,00-\$15,00 per bushel for western and city packed mess; the sales comprise 2,500 bushels, chiefly to supply the government. Bacon moves off slowly at 9¢-10¢ lbs for plain and fancy Hams; 3¢-5¢ lbs for Shoulders, and 6¢-7¢ lbs for Sides. Green Beans are steady, with moderate receipts, and sales at 7¢-8¢ lbs for Hams, 4¢-5¢ lbs for Shoulders, and 5¢-6¢ lbs for Shoulders, and 6¢-7¢ lbs for Hams, 4¢-5¢ lbs for bacon, and 10¢-12¢ lbs for kegs, and but little selling. Country is worth 6¢-7¢ lbs. Butter continues dull and the sales moderate at 14¢-16¢ per pound, and 16¢-18¢ per rod. Cheese is quiet at 10¢-12¢ lbs. Eggs are plenty, and rather lower, ranging at 22¢-24¢ per dozen.

COTTON.—The foreign news has impeded more firmness to the market. Sales comprise some 300 bushels, in small lots, from 50¢ to 60¢ for ordinary to middling and good middling quality cash.

ANCHOVIES.—Steady, but very quiet, and the sales both kind limited.

HAMS.—Quercetum is dull and lower, with sales of 15 bushels at \$5,00-\$6 for first No. 1, mostly at the former figure, at which rate it is offered, and \$5,50-\$6,00 to retail do \$6,500-\$7,00 Schuykill River Ham.

OLIVE OIL.—The market continues very firm, and only 80 bushels found buyers at 27¢-28¢ for fine and 14¢-15¢ for rough. Oil is steady at 8¢-9¢ per bushel.

BEESWAX.—Is scarce, and held at 42¢-43¢, which is above the views of buyers.

OAL.—There is little or nothing doing for shipment east. Schuykill White Ash Lump and Lump, \$5,50; Red Ash do \$5,50; Red Ash do \$5,50-\$6,00; Lehigh Lump do \$5,50-\$6,00; Schuykill Lump do \$5,50-\$6,00; and 300 bushels of Lump.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the United States and Canada.

DRAFFS furnished on all accessible points, 20-30 ly

## MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John A. McLean, Frank Smith, Esq., to Rebecca M. daughter of Capt. Stillwell Corson, both of this city. On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. Castle, D. Dr. Thomas Cory, of Lafayette, Ind., of the 72d regt. Indiana Vol., to Miss Carrie, second daughter of Sam'l Stoney, of Marion, Pa.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, T. Hamlin Wilcox, to Harriet L. Crans, daughter of Wm. J. Crans, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Darby, Mr. William C. Kran, of Gloucester Co., N. J., to Miss Anna K. daughter of Joe Addis, Esq., of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, Mr. John Keane, to Miss Margaret J. Bodine, both of this city.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. G. W. George, Mr. John George, to Miss Eliza J. Herbert, of Southwark.

On the 30th Nov., 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. William Haughn, to Miss Sarah Vincent, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Washington City, Jan. 6, 1863, from wounds received at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., THOMAS HAWKINS, Major of the 68th regt. Pa. Volks, (Scott Legion.)

On the 3d instant, THEODORE AUER, in his 32d year.

Killed in the battle before Murfreesboro, on the 31st ultimo, Capt. CHARLES L. KNEASS, of the 18th regt. of regulars, (infantry) in his 30th year.

On the 6th instant, JOEL M. WHITE, in his 53d year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ELLEN SMITH, aged 82 years.

On the 6th instant, WILLIAM M. LINN, in his 32d year.

On the 5th instant, MR. WILLIAM DENN, aged 62 years.

On the 5th instant, HANNAH C. BECK, wife of Madison Beck, in her 43d year.

On the 4th instant, DAVID SNYDER, Sr. in his 74th year.

On the 4th instant, LYDIA, wife of William C. Piercy, in her 69th year.

On the 3d instant, MRS. JANE WELDON, in her 75th year.

On the 4th instant, JACOB S. SHEETS, in his 75th year.

## WITHERS &amp; PETERSON

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.

## STOCK AND EXCHANGE

BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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## TO INVENTORS.—TO GET A PATENT.

ENT in the U. S. A., in Europe, or in any part of the world. Send a three cent stamp to JAH-AT. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Patent Office, 1609 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

B. FRANK PALMER,

Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "PALMER ARM," Linc., &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE, No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Three Squares West of the Old Stone Edifice, has removed to great expense, for the business, contains every apparatus, and facility for Surgeon-Artists operations.

The Procurator will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" and the New Patents, in unexampled perfection.

Thousands of these limbs are worn (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of gold and silver medals (the First Prize) won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world, attest the public value of these inventions. All genuine "Palmer Limbs" bear the name of the inventor affixed.

Prospectus, which contain the New Rules for Amputations, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or express.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation of time.

R. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist, 1609 Chestnut St., Phila.

and to the name of the inventor affixed.

DO YOU WANT LUMBERT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES? My GENE-

GENE will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GIBBONS, 109 Nassau St., New York City.

ALLOW remains inactive at 15¢ per day, for longer than a month.

TOBACCO.—The demand for both leaf and manufactured is limited, and the market very tame.

WOOL.—There is a better feeling in the market, and more inquiry for the medium and fine grades at fully former rates, particularly for the latter, with sales of about 200,000 lbs, in lots, at 10¢-10½¢ per lb.

SUGAR.—The market continues firm, and on the advances, with further sales of about 1,000 bushels, mostly Cuba, at 10¢-10½¢ per lb.

SOUP.—The market continues firm, and on the advances, with further sales of about 200 bushels New Orleans at 10¢-10½¢ per lb.

SOAP.—The market continues firm, and on the advances, with further sales of about 200 bushels Brazil at 10¢-10½¢ per lb.

LEAD.—The market continues firm, and on the advances, with further sales of about 200 bushels at 10¢-10½¢ per lb.

IRON.—There is a steady demand for the

medium and fine qualities, and on the advances, with further sales of about 200 bushels at 10¢-10½¢ per lb.

COAL.—The market continues firm, and on the advances, with further sales of about 200 bushels at 10¢-10½¢ per lb.

WHEAT.—The market continues firm, and on the advances, with further sales of about 200 bushels at 10¢-10½¢ per lb.

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## Wit and Humor.

## A ROAD TO A FAR WIDDER IN THE BIGGINS.

BY THE POET OF PIKE.

Upon the banks of a dark river  
Whar the gold in bars was laid,  
Thar lives a poor and purty widder  
In a house of sawd boards made.

At bakin dodgers shes a snorter,  
Keeps her cabinin mity clean,  
Smiles on men as widders order,  
Cepting when they're orful mean.

Her childrens ar two handsome critters,  
Sweeter than the sweetest truck  
That ritch folks use to eat on fritters,  
When the han that best "chuck."

She is more morred than a preacher,  
More dignifer than a queen;  
No mockin bird can ever reach her  
In singin, that I ever seen.

Oil on the banks of Cosmy river,  
Whar the miners dig the dust—  
Shees stole my hart—the far young widder;  
Im bound to marry her—or bust!

## Old Abe Not a Temperance Man!

For occasional salutes of original wit, give us a country grocery winter evenings and rainy days, and the bar-rooms of country hotels. As an instance, take the following, which occurred in a grocery store not long since. There was quite a collection, and our friend S., who is a Democrat, and friend M., who is a Republican, had been earnestly but pleasantly discussing politics; and as a full stock place in the conversation, S. spoke up as follows:—

"M., how many public men are there who are *really* temperance men?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied M.

"Well," said S., "I don't know but one that I can speak positively of on our side, and that is Gen. Cass."

"Well," said M., promptly, "there is President Lincoln on our side, certain."

"Guess not," said S., incredulously.

"Guess yes," replied M., warily.

"But you don't pretend to say that Presidt Lincoln is a temperance man?" asked S.

"Yes, I do," answered M., "and can main tain the statement."

"Well, now, I tell you that Abraham Lincoln is a fond of his tod as any man living," replied S., earnestly, "and I can prove it to you."

"Well, I tell you that he isn't," retorted M., who began to get excited; "that he is as pure and strict a temperance man as there is in the country."

"I contend," replied S., with provoking coolness, "that Abraham Lincoln is so fond of his toddy that it is the last thing he thinks of when he goes to bed, and the first when he wakes in the morning."

"It's a confounded *bou-fou-lic*!" exclaimed M., springing to his feet.

"Hold on, friend M.," said S., "what was Lincoln's wife's name before she was married?"

"Told, by thunder!" exclaimed M., jumping more than a foot from the floor; "boys, let's adjourn to the other room."

A LONG PRAYER.—The following story is told of Rev. Walter Jackson, a Scotch Presbyterian preacher of the last generation.—The prayers of even godly men at that time were very long and heavy, comprehending sometimes a system of divinity. Jackson was notorious for length. He was attending a funeral at Hallmyre. The company had assembled in the barn to get some refreshments, and having partaken, he was asked to return thanks. He commenced in right good earnest with the fall of Adam, and was going down from one great Bible doctrine to another till patience was exhausted. Significant looks passed among the mourners; one by one they left the barn, and the funeral procession started for Newlands churchyard. When Walter came to a close, and opened his eyes, he found himself alone, and on inquiry discovered that the procession was fully a mile away. His concient soul was chafed.

AVOID BAD COMPANY.—The following little fable contains a deal of wisdom, and editors, clergymen—indeed, all classes in society, will do well to remember it, and govern themselves accordingly:

"A skunk once challenged a lion to a single combat. The lion promptly declined the honor of such a meeting."

"Hoax," said the skunk, "are you afraid?"

"Very much so," quoth the lion, "for you would only gain fame by having the honor to fight a lion, while every one who met me for a month to come would know that I had been in company with a skunk."

LAND IN THE MOON.—In a certain village was a miserly old codger, who had managed by hook or by crook to obtain a mortgage on nearly all the property therabouts. In the same place was a queer old joker, who stunted most beautifully. The latter was walking down the street one pleasant evening, when he saw two men looking at the moon and discussing the question as to land being there in the dark spots. "B-b-b-y t-t-thunder!" cried the old fellow, involuntarily, "if-if if-th-th-there's any b-and there, old M-M-Major W-W-Wink's got a m-m-mortgage on it!"

HAD HIM THERE.—"You can't make a jewel out of a pig's ear, anyhow," said an acquaintance, to our friend Sykes, the other day, during a discussion as to the merits of an individual for a certain position.

"Yes, I can," returned S. "You just let me box yours, and if you don't have an ear-ring, then I'll sell out, that's all!"

An acquaintance dropped the subject.

YOUNG WOMANHOOD.—A gentleman repeated the following beautiful thought in the presence of a young lady, who was the personification of the sentiment expressed:—Young Womanhood—"The sweet moon on the horizon's verge; a thought matured but not uttered; conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied; the rich halo which precedes the rising sun; the rosy dawn that speaks the ripening peach:—

"A flower which is not quite a flower,  
Yet is no more a bud."

"Or, rather," replied the young lady, "as my mother says of me:—

"A girl that is too young for honor,  
And yet too old to play keep."

TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.—When ever you see a gal with a whole lot of sweethearts, (says a humorous writer,) it's even a chance if she gets married to any one of 'em. One cools off, and before she brings any of 'em to the right weddin' heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow, and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the sense of a flame she can blow up again. I never see a clever looking gal in danger of that but I don't long to whisper in her ear—"You dear little critter, you take care; you have too many irons in the fire; some of 'em will get stone cold, and other ones will get burnt so they will be no good in natur."

## MAKING HOME PLEASANT.

There is no act so womanly as that of giving to her home the same air of refinement and elegance which all ladies desire to impart to their dress.

There is one thing that is too often forgotten or unnoticed, although it is exceedingly important in giving a pleasant appearance to a room, and that is the effect of light. Neither faces nor rooms can bear the full glare of light, for both have some defects to be hid—some blemishes which need softening down.

Willis says that a lawn should never be seen at midday, but only in the morning or in the evening, for only then is it in its full beauty. It needs the exquisite shadows which are lost at noon.

Sunshine is delightful, and plenty of it is necessary to health and cheerfulness.

Nothing gives a room such an utterly lonely and desolate air as the total absence of sun light; but it need not steam in at uncurtained and unshuttered windows. Let us have enough,

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AN IRON EGG.—In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this:

A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth.

When it touched the ground a spring, curiously hidden in the egg, opened, and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yolk, and a golden chicken was revealed;

she touched a spring in the chicken, and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown, and what it was a diamond marriage ring.

There is a moral to the story.

One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Gain one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes a centre of light.

The experience of many a life: What a fool I have been!



singing over the corn at noon I never heard from hens before—a concert of music that would have done any lover of eggs good to hear."

## What Farmer's Boys Should Know.

Every farmer's boy should know how, sooner or later,

1. To dress himself, black his own shoes, cut his brother's hair, wind a watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep all his clothes in perfect order, and neatly in place.

2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon, and drive a team.

3. To carve, and wait on table.

4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep, and dress a veal or mutton.

5. To reckon money and keep accounts accurately, and according to good book-keeping rules.

6. To write a neat, appropriate, briefly expressed business letter, in a good hand, and fold and superscribe it properly; and write contracts.

7. To plough, sow grain and grass seed, drive a mowing machine, swing a scythe, build a neat stack and pitch hay.

8. To put up a package, build a fire, whitewash a wall, mend broken tools, and regulate a clock.

There are many other things which would render boys more useful to themselves and others—these are merely a specimen. But the young man who can do all these things well, and who is ready at all times to assist others, and be useful to his mother and sisters, will command far more respect and esteem than if he knew merely how to drive horses, smoke cigars, play cards, and talk nonsense to foolish young ladies at parties.

## Treatment of Horses' Feet.

Mr. Gammie, Sen., in the Edinburgh Veterinary Review for August, says:—"The day will, I believe, soon come when people will not allow cutting instruments to touch the soles of their horses' feet. I have said in former papers that the wall, sole and frog are so constructed that they mutually co-operate, and that the intermediate horn, which I have shown is secreted between the wall and sole at their union, is also required to be left entire; but, by the prevailing custom of cutting the hoof, these substances, which in their nature are rebounding springs, are destroyed or greatly impaired. The custom of thinning the sole, and likewise of keeping that part always in cow dung, or other wet soiling material, under the name of "stoppings," was brought much into vogue after the establishment of our first veterinary schools."

## Agricultural.

## GERMAN ECONOMY.

Some of the pleasant pictures of rural life in Europe, are those drawn by Mr. Howitt. Particularly in Germany, does he find much to interest him. One thing which struck him quite forcibly, was the carelessness with which the country people save everything which can be turned to use. For instance, the roadside is not always set with forest trees for shade and ornament, but is planted with fruit trees, and these are protected and cultivated hardly less than those of the orchard and garden. Again, more pains are taken, than with us, in saving and drying all kinds of fruit for domestic use and for sale in market. Cows are not generally pastured in summer, but are kept in sheds or small yards, where they are fed in various ways. Grass and clover, refuse fruits, vegetables and meal, etc., are carefully provided for this purpose. In some cases, the women and children go out with sickle and basket, to cut up and gather grass and weeds from the roadside; the boys go into the marshes and woods to gather tall grass and even to cut shrubbery, all for the useful cow. Yes, the useful cow; for not only is every drop of her milk saved and turned to account, but her other droppings are assiduously collected, and applied where most useful.

The tops of potatoes, refuse of hemp, and stalks of beans serve as bedding for the cow;

and even the rough stalks of poppies, after the heads have been gathered for oil and seed, are converted into manure for the land.

Children are often sent into the woods to collect baskets and bags or moss for cattle bedding, which afterwards goes into manure.

In the autumn, the fallen leaves by the roadside and everywhere are swept up and stacked for the same purpose.

The cones of evergreens are gathered and dried for lighting fires.

While the women are tending their poultry and their cows, the knitting-needles

keep constantly going. In short, the Germans seem to have reduced the Scriptural precept to systematic practice: "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." And this same frugality and industry, we are glad to see, prevails widely among the Germans who have chosen this country for their home. With such habits of living joined with virtue, they are sure to prosper.

## FEEDING HENS IN WINTER.

The following is furnished the American Agriculturist by a correspondent:—

"I have twenty-eight chickens, large and small, several of them fall chickens. I obtained but a few eggs in the fore part of winter—not more than one or two a day.

The feed was corn and oats. In January I tried the experiment of hot feed once a day, in the morning. As soon as the fire was started in the cook stove, I put a quart or so of small potatoes in a dripping-pan, and set them in the oven.

After breakfast I took a quart or

more of wheat and buckwheat bran, mixed,

put it in the swill-pail, and mixed into this mush with boiling water, then added about one quart of live coals from the stove, and put in the potatoes hot from the oven, and

added the egg shells on hand, and sometimes

a little salt; and sometimes a little sulphur.

These, mashed together, are fed immediately

in a trough prepared for the purpose, made about ten feet long, of two boards six inches wide, nailed together, and two short pieces nailed on the ends, with a narrow strip nailed lengthwise on the top, and two bearers under.

The object of this was to keep the hens out of the trough, and leave room to eat each side of the narrow strip. At noon I feed six ears of corn cut up in pieces an inch

long, and in the evening oats and wheat

scrappings about a quart. Now for the result. In about a week the number of eggs increased six fold, and in about two weeks,

and since, they have ranged from twelve to twenty eggs per day. The coldest weather made no difference. When it was cold and stormy I kept them in the hen-house all day,

and generally till ten or twelve o'clock. Such

an abundance of food, and the hens